

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 306, Vol. 12.

September 7, 1861.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE IMPERIAL PAMPHLET.

IT is not improbable that the authorship of the extraordinary production which is supposed to announce the doom of the Papacy may have been attributed a little too confidently to the highest of all authorities on the subject. But it is impossible to doubt that it was meant to tell the world what is coming, and that the EMPEROR is really responsible for its contents. Its appearance so immediately after the publication of RICASOLI's circular, the significant silence maintained by the *Moniteur* so long as silence was possible, and the recognition of its official character by the minor organs of the Government, all point to the conclusion that this crowning act of hostility comes from no one else than PONTIUS PILATE himself. We may assume that the French are now to understand that the EMPEROR has made up his mind to do away with the temporal power, and that they must make up their minds to approve. The pamphlet explains with the utmost candour what is proposed. The Italian Government has offered guarantees for the spiritual independence of the POPE, and these guarantees are pronounced satisfactory. If the POPE likes to accept them, all will be well. If he declines, a popular vote of the Romans will transfer the sovereignty to VICTOR EMMANUEL, Italian troops will replace the French, and then the POPE may do exactly as he pleases. If he humbles himself and accepts the Vatican and a fat bishoprick, he and Christianity will derive immense advantages. If he does not, then he and Christianity will suffer fearfully; but anyhow "the destinies" will be accomplished. There is a great difference between publishing a pamphlet and carrying out a great political change; but the Italians may now comfort themselves with knowing that the EMPEROR has taken a step so decisive as to cut him off from the possibility of keeping his troops at Rome much longer. The POPE has been told by his master that he must stay as an Italian bishop, or go. The gain to Italy of so distinct an announcement swallows up every other consideration. The EMPEROR is rendering a real service to Italy, and gratitude and delight may forbid Italians to remember that he is rendering it at the eleventh hour, that his vacillation has tortured and distracted their country, and that thousands of lives have been sacrificed to his hesitating and unmeaning policy. The POPE is to cease to be the curse of his subjects and of Italy; and they will be far too rejoiced at the fact to criticise narrowly the mode in which it has been brought about, or to dwell on the evils which its tardy arrival has occasioned.

To English readers, the greater part of the pamphlet seems like a quiet satire on the course which the EMPEROR has so long pursued, and on the reasons by which his policy has been defended. All the arguments against the occupation of Rome which have been urged on this side the Channel until we have got weary of urging them, are brought out as equally new and convincing. Things so obvious to us that we have almost ceased to repeat them are disclosed to the French as State secrets. We can only agree with what we find written, and wonder that at this time of day it can be necessary to write it. We are assured that a nation without a capital is like a body without a head, that the Papacy cuts Italy in two and wastes its strength, that the POPE is prevented by the very nature of his Government from improving it, and that France is false to the principles of the Revolution if she spends her blood and money in order to sustain or restore the tyranny of priests and BOURBONS. Every difficulty is got over in the easiest way. It is true that the EMPEROR started his pet plan of a Confederation after Solferino, and no one would have anything to do with it. Now we are informed that this Confederation was "not a principle, but an expedient," and was overborne by the vote of the people in a most proper and legitimate manner. The objection that France may find a doubtful ally in a strong and

united Italy is summarily dismissed. It was all very well in the time of poor old LOUIS PHILIPPE, when France was weak and humble and afraid of every shadow, to try to keep down Italy, lest she should grow too strong if she were united. But in these happy days, when the French army dictates to Europe, it would be absurd to pretend to be afraid of any one. The religious opposition of enthusiastic Catholics is met by a lavish appeal to Scripture. The things of CÆSAR are to be restored to CÆSAR, and the true meaning of the announcement that the kingdom of CHRIST is not of this world, which has been so sadly overlooked by the defenders of the Papacy, is fully stated and explained. As a climax, it is declared that, if necessary, a vote of the Roman people shall be held under the protection of the French troops, "and then who can suspect it?" It is a great thing for an Imperial pamphleteer to be quite sure that he may go as far as he likes with these grave jokes and yet have no ridicule to fear.

While, however, the conclusion is the only important part of the pamphlet, and while a great part of its contents seems to be balanced between platitudes and covert irony, the decoration of the main structure, the passing allusions, and the treatment of subsidiary political questions are of the strangest kind. The object of the writer seems to have been to gratify French tastes by saying all the wildest and most offensive things of other people that could be thought of. Austria is told, in so many words, that she is going to be beaten on the Danube again, as she was in the time of the First NAPOLEON. The strength and prowess of the Imperial Government is proved by reminding readers of the ease with which, in the affair of the *Charles et Georges*, the EMPEROR abolished the "pretended protectorate which England arrogated over Portugal." The opposition of the Spanish Court and Government to the abolition of the temporal power is candidly acknowledged; but it is stated that the Spanish people does not think with its Government, and that the Court is really moved, not by its religious feelings, but by its tenderness for the kindred house of the ex-King of NAPLES. Above all, there is the astounding announcement that Belgium is to France what Venice is to Italy. It has evidently been thought a good stroke to teach the French what they are to ask for the next time they are victorious, and to devise a popular justification for a seizure that would carry confusion into all Europe; and with that view, it is convenient to forget the difference between the confiscation by France of a free and happy province inhabited by foreigners, and the liberation of an oppressed portion of the Italian people. There is also a tone adopted in speaking of the Church which sounds very oddly in a Government manifesto. The dignitaries of Rome are said to "think of everything except religion;" and, with a contempt that VOLTAIRE could not have surpassed, the interest of the POPE in his territories is compared to the interest of the Mamelukes in Egypt. Each had a pretended claim of divine right at which a great EMPEROR laughs, and which he settles in a moment with his sword.

The truth is, we believe, that this pamphlet is not only a declaration of the EMPEROR's intention, but is a piece of electioneering machinery. The present representative body is full of strong Catholics, and it is thought advisable to have a more pliant and unscrupulous Chamber before the EMPEROR's treatment of the POPE is again criticised. The pamphlet is designed to appeal to all that is most hostile in France to priests and Legitimists. The principles of '89 are to be the watchword of the Government in the new elections. All the passions of the great bulk of ignorant Frenchmen—their delight in attacks on the priesthood, their fondness for Voltairian raillery, their thirst for more territory, their utter indifference to the history and feelings of other nations

—are to be made use of, so that the Catholic party may be defeated. The Government ought to know its own business best, and all this may be necessary; but the world in general may reasonably complain of the uncertainty and mystery which the plan of governing by the issue of semi-official pamphlets occasions. It would be a most serious cause of alarm if LOUIS NAPOLEON really meant to say that he would have no more scruple in trying to get Belgium than the Italians can have in trying to free Venetia; and it is not very satisfactory to learn that the EMPEROR must not be taken to have intended more than to court the electors by fostering their appetite for national aggrandizement. At any rate, if arts so coarse have to be employed, we may appreciate the enormous difficulty which there would have been in sweeping away the POPE's temporal power if only he and his priests had behaved with decent gentleness and discretion. If they had but blessed their enemies, and sent away the King of NAPLES, and refused to shed blood, this pamphlet could never have been written, and no clear and intelligible case for stripping the POPE of his worldly wealth could have been submitted to the consideration of the masses in France.

SHELVES AND DUSTHEAPS.

THE impression has long been prevalent in Ministerial circles that the end of the Ministry is rapidly approaching. No one who is conversant with the fickleness of political fortune in the present day would venture to pronounce any confident prediction on such a subject; but it is evident that the impression has spread to those whom it interests most closely. That general scramble for vacant places which usually disturbs the death-bed of a Ministry has commenced. One or two recent appointments have been ominous; but the nomination of Lord MONCK to the Governor-Generalship of Canada is a symptom of the consciousness of approaching resignation which it is impossible to mistake. Most impartial politicians will regret that there should be any reason to believe in the imminence of a change of Government at this moment. But they will regret still more deeply the step by which the existence of that belief in Lord PALMERSTON's mind has been betrayed. Unhappily, such bodings have a fatal tendency to fulfil themselves. It was a grievous misuse of patronage which, three years ago, pulled Lord PALMERSTON down from a yet higher pinnacle of popularity and power. A determination to serve his friends at any cost to the public service, without any reference to their capacity, has always been one of his few blots as a public man. Unfortunately it is the point in which the English nation is becoming every year more exacting. It is the one point in which a Minister eludes direct responsibility, and in which he therefore needs to be jealously watched. The country can control his legislation, and can exercise a certain supervision over his foreign policy. But a bad appointment once made can seldom be recalled; and no wisdom or integrity will suffice to avert the troubles into which England may be dragged by an incapable subordinate on the other side of the globe.

No slight part of the evil is the resentment with which such an appointment will be received by the Canadian people. They will scrutinize very narrowly the antecedents and the claims of the man who is sent to represent among them the Sovereign to whom they have shown their reverence and loyalty by so many tokens. They will find that his claims to this high distinction are confined to the fact that he was a Junior Lord of the Treasury in Lord PALMERSTON's Government; that he met with a mishap at the Portsmouth election; that he has never been able to induce any other constituency to make amends for the affront; and that he is, according to common report, Lord PALMERSTON's personal friend. The Canadians will be perfectly able to appreciate the meaning of this list of public distinctions. They will be as well aware as any one in England of the precise character which a Lordship of the Treasury stamps upon an M.P. As regarded in the present day, it is simply a patent of obscurity. It is a reward which is offered to subordinate whips, and silent members who distinguish themselves by sitting up till three in the morning. Its acceptance, except by a very young or a very needy man, is equivalent to an admission that the aspirant does not feel himself equal to a political career. Its duties are of the simplest order. They have been popularly defined as "making a House, keeping a House, and cheering 'the Minister.'" They certainly do not require the slightest intellectual exertion either in Whitehall or at St. Stephen's; for the SECRETARY of the TREASURY would dismiss "My

"Lords" with a very intelligible snub if they attempted to meddle in any portion of the vast business they nominally transact, and no Junior Lord has been known to speak in Parliament within the memory of man. His duties are therefore confined to sitting in the House as long as the Clerk is at the table, and to forming a constant unit in the Government majority. In their way, they are arduous, no doubt; but a gorilla of a docile character, who could be taught to articulate *Hear, Hear*, would perform them quite as efficiently, and much more cheaply, than the candidates who are ordinarily selected. Trained in this apprenticeship, Lord MONCK has been sent, at a most eventful crisis, to govern more than a million of men of heterogeneous race, comparatively new to political life, and exposed more than any other community to remittent fever-fits of political passion.

Canada will not be slow to infer the light in which she appeared to Lord PALMERSTON's eyes when he made this inexplicable choice. When a political chief is summoned, or thinks that he is likely to be summoned, to set his house in order, he naturally begins the operation with the various assortment of tools and utensils that have served him during his tenancy. Those that have proved themselves sound, keen, and bright, he puts upon a shelf—a higher shelf or a lower one, according to their size and value. Those that he has found dull or cracked he throws upon the nearest available dust-heap. To one destination or the other he consigns all that he does not purpose to take away with him into the less luxurious and less stately habitations of Opposition. There is only this difference between the proceedings of the political householder and those of his analogue in private life—that the shelves and the dust-heaps resemble each other rather closely, and can only be certainly distinguished by watching the quality of the articles they respectively receive. Judged by this test, there is no doubt to which category Canada belongs. To such base uses has that proud community come at last. This is not the first time that Lord PALMERSTON has made use of British North America for disposing of his unmarketable young friends. Lord MURRAY was the last Junior Lord who was carted away into a Government House in the Western hemisphere. The Canadians will, no doubt, complacently lay to heart the honourable position which is thus assigned to them in the British official hierarchy. Under-Secretaries may look forward to be Secretaries of State—Secretaries to the Treasury may look forward to be Chancellors of the Exchequer—but a Junior Lord of the Treasury, if he shows skill in the momentous function of sitting still, and vigour in the arduous duty of cheering his chief, may look forward to be Viceroy of a nascent Empire for his pains.

The gravest aspect of the appointment, however, is not the mood in which Canada will take it. By the showing of the Government themselves, in a crisis of no common moment, the despatch of three regiments to the colony, in addition to the three recently sent, is a measure which can be justified, or rather palliated, only by some extraordinary information which the public at large does not possess. On ordinary principles, it is absolutely indefensible. In a colonial point of view, it is a return to an obsolete system which all statesmen have united to condemn. Authorities of every kind—Committees, Ministers, and permanent officials—have laid down again and again, that the only way of making the Colonies bear even a share of the cost of their own defence is to withhold from them all help until they have at least begun to help themselves. The dangers, if any, which Canada has to fear are purely of American origin. No act of Imperial policy will provoke hostility against them. Before we ask of the English tax-payer to bear the burdens of the untaxed and thriving settler of the West, we ought at least to wait till he has shown a determination to bear a full share of them. It is idle for England to reiterate that she will insist on her colonies contributing largely to their own defence if they are taught that, the moment danger arises, England is ready to step forward and take it entirely out of their hands. As a measure of foreign policy, the step is scarcely less questionable. It can do nothing to avert danger, and it may tend to hasten it. As a measure of defence, it is simply futile; but it may not be so entirely ineffective as a measure of irritation. If the Canadians are worthy of their descent, they ought to be able to deal easily with any possible inroads from their distracted and bewildered neighbours; and the only hope which is likely to suggest to the latter so desperate an undertaking is that of drowning all civil animosities in a general anti-British crusade. If anything is more likely

than another to goad them into such a course, it will be the present microscopic expedition. The only plea that can possibly avail to defend such a step is the knowledge by the Government of circumstances so peculiar and unusual that no one not in the secrets of the Cabinet can guess at them. But if the Government really have such knowledge, what are we to say of the wisdom which selects Lord MONCK to be the arbiter of a crisis so difficult and so peculiar? The present extraordinary measures of defence, inexplicable as they are, imply that difficulties are ahead; and with those difficulties the GOVERNOR-GENERAL of Canada will have to deal. It is of course possible that Lord MONCK is one of those unrecognised geniuses in which the world obstinately refuses to believe. But it is at least equally possible that his abilities are not greater than sufficed to perform the single public office he has already filled. If so, it is difficult to overrate the embarrassment which Lord PALMERSTON'S uncontrollable friendship has prepared for his country and his successors. England knows by sad experience how closely the incapacity of a Colonial Governor can affect her. When Sir JOHN BOWRING was sent out to Hong-Kong, no one noticed the appointment except as a happy expedient for ridding the House of Commons of an intolerable bore. We have but just emerged from the costly and not very creditable struggle in which his egregious vanity and folly had involved us. At the Antipodes we are entering at this moment upon another conflict, even more questionable in its origin, and probably not less onerous in its results. Again we owe it to no error on the part of any English statesman, except that of appointing an incapable Governor. The public have no ground for expecting more from Lord MONCK'S capacity than from that of Sir JOHN BOWRING or Colonel BROWNE. Whether he will commit blunders of equal magnitude will probably depend upon the amount of his good luck. One thing only is certain—that whatever he does we must endorse. If he insults the Americans, we must quarrel with them. If he provokes them to war, we must fight it out. If he irritates his colonists into rebellion, we must forcibly repress it. There is something frightful in the power which is carelessly confided to the obscure men who, as a rule, are chosen to fill these distant satrapies. All that England possesses—money, power, honour, national conscience—is in their hands to pledge at will. According to the current morality of the day, there is nothing so precious that we must not sacrifice it, no claims so sacred that we must not override them, to vindicate "the honour of our flag." If it must be so, at least we should be sensitively careful into whose hands a talisman of such terrible potency is trusted. This is not the moment, and the frontier of the St. Lawrence is not the scene, in which this fearful responsibility ought to be made a toy to gratify the baulked ambition of a discarded Junior Lord.

THE INCOME-TAX REPORT.

MR. HUBBARD'S well-meant attempt to correct the inequalities of fortune by a differential Income-tax has been condemned by his Select Committee, in a Report which, though not remarkable for logical completeness and precision, expresses with sufficient distinctness the practical conclusion of experience and common sense. With unaffected admiration for the ingenuity by which his project of reconstruction is characterized, the Committee abstain from affirming the validity of the popular complaints which it is intended to meet. They are quite clear, however, that it "does not afford a basis for a practicable and equitable re-adjustment of the Income-tax"—a verdict which is not, we think, likely to be disturbed by the wider tribunal to which Mr. HUBBARD, with somewhat of the impatience of an unappreciated inventor, has already appealed in a folio pamphlet. The strong feeling expressed in the Report as to "the dangers and ill consequences to be apprehended from an attempt to unsettle the present basis of the tax without a clear perception of the mode in which it is to be reconstructed," will be shared by all reasonable men, though we could scarcely have anticipated so very pointed a protest on the part of the Committee against the mischievous error to which it owed its own existence. The inventive activity of fiscal theorists is no doubt still unexhausted; but there will perhaps henceforth be a general acquiescence in the opinion that the only practical alternative is the retention or the abolition of an impost which it is found by repeated experiments impossible to readjust advantageously. "This tax having now been made the subject of investigation before two Committees, and no proposal for its amendment having

"been found satisfactory, your Committee are brought to the conclusion that the objections which are urged against it are objections to its nature and essence, rather than to the particular shape which has been given to it." It is highly improbable that any future projector will be more successful than Mr. HUME and Mr. HUBBARD in the schemes which have been respectively condemned, after full inquiry and discussion, by the Committees of 1851 and 1861. At all events, it is reasonable to hope for a respite of some duration from fallacies which can henceforth only have the effect of disturbing a source of revenue which there is no visible prospect of our being able to relinquish.

The plan devised by Mr. HUBBARD is chiefly distinguished from the earlier project of Mr. HUME and others by its want both of arithmetical exactness and of popular plausibility. The proposal to capitalize every man's income by an elaborate computation of the various elements of certainty, duration, and so forth, determining its value in an actuary's eyes, was hopelessly impracticable, and involved a flagrant theoretical fallacy; but it had an air of scientific accuracy, and it rested on the undoubted fact that a precarious income is less valuable than a perpetuity of the same nominal amount. Some little reflection was necessary to appreciate the full force of the consideration that a precarious income pays only a precarious tax, and a life income only a life tax, while hereditary and perpetual incomes yield an ever-recurring percentage to the State. Mr. HUBBARD'S scheme, however, makes no pretence to arithmetical precision, nor does it propose to redress the balance between temporary and permanent incomes, as such. Laying out of view his treatment of certain special cases in which the interest on invested capital may be considered to be mixed up with repayments of the capital itself—a branch of the subject into which we need not now enter—his project is one of arbitrarily assumed averages, applied to descriptions of income having little in common beyond their technical classification under the same schedule; and the distinction on which he mainly relies as justifying different scales of assessment for different classes of tax-payers has no direct reference either to the duration or the certainty of the revenue assessed. An income from land, for instance is to be subjected to a deduction of one-twelfth before assessment, and an income from houses to a deduction of one-sixth, though, in point of fact, the actual differences between the gross and net returns may range from one-twentieth to one-fourth. As regards mining property, again, he adopts the very rough-and-ready rule of abating ten per cent. where the mineral is earthy, and twenty per cent. where it is metallic. But it is in dealing with what Mr. HUBBARD calls "industrial," as distinguished from "spontaneous" incomes, that the unreasoning arbitrariness of his scheme is most conspicuous. He assumes that personal labour is an element necessarily entering into all trading, as well as into all professional incomes—which is only partially true, as many a sleeping partner in great and wealthy firms could testify; he treats this element of personal labour as bearing a fixed and unvarying proportion, in all cases, to the aggregate receipts; and he estimates this proportion at one-third of the whole. This one-third of the gross income ought, in Mr. HUBBARD'S opinion, to be regarded as forming no part of the man's "expendible" resources, but to be laid by in the form of invested capital, and, as such, to be exempt from taxation. Accordingly, all trading and professional profits—or, speaking generally, all profits returnable under Schedule D—are to be assessed on only two-thirds of their actual amount. By way of giving a sentimental colouring to a project which certainly cannot be commended on scientific grounds, Mr. HUBBARD designates this, its main feature, a "relief" due to "injured skill and intelligence."

It is not easy to enumerate within moderate compass the difficulties presented by a scheme which rests at every point on assumptions which are either wholly irrelevant or widely divergent from the facts which they are meant to represent. Mr. HUBBARD does not explain why the element of personal exertion in the production of a particular class of incomes should furnish a ground of fiscal exemption; yet it certainly cannot be said that the proposition is self-evident. It may be admitted that, as a general rule, prudence imposes on the recipients of industrial incomes the duty of saving a portion of their annual receipts; but it is a duty totally incapable of being measured by any arithmetical formula, and it is equally incumbent on heads of families who have only a life interest in "spontaneous" incomes. It would be absurd to say either that the obligation of saving a third of one's income presses with even proximate equality on all contributors

under schedule D—which includes trading profits varying in value from two or three years' purchase up to twenty—or that prudential responsibilities are in any way restricted to that section of the tax-paying community. The sleeping, or even the active partner in an old-established bank or brewery may, without imprudence, spend the whole or the greater part of an "industrial" income which is only less assured than an equivalent amount from land or Consols. On the other hand, the life-owner of a "spontaneous" income from Government securities would ordinarily be guilty of culpable improvidence if he were not to save largely for the future wants of those dependent on him. Yet Mr. HUBBARD relieves the "injured" skill and intelligence of the former to the extent of thirty-three per cent, while he taxes the latter on the whole amount of temporary and precarious returns. The further question remains, why, in any case, should that portion of a man's income which is presumably unavailable for immediate expenditure be exempted from assessment? We are not clearly informed on what principle income saved should not be taxed as well as income spent; yet this is surely a point calling for explanation. On general grounds, one would say with Mr. Low, in his draft Report, that income saved, being under the protection of the State equally with income spent, is an equally fit subject for taxation, especially as, *ex hypothesi*, it escapes indirect taxation. The fact that it will contribute to the State in future years, in the form of invested capital yielding a "spontaneous" revenue, furnishes no intelligible reason why it should not be assessed as income in the year during which it accrues. It may be added that it is no part of the functions of Government to stimulate the prudential or any other virtues by fiscal bonuses; and that, in the impartial eye of the State, the pleasure of saving is in no respect more deserving of artificial encouragement than the pleasure of spending. Mr. HUBBARD emphatically disclaims any desire to introduce a graduated tax, pressing more heavily on large incomes than on small ones—a proposal which he justly stigmatizes as tainted with Socialism. Yet it is difficult to discriminate between the principle of graduation and that of arbitrary exemptions framed to meet the assumed household necessities of a selected class of tax-payers.

Projectors are not readily amenable to confutation, and we learn without surprise, from Mr. HUBBARD's pamphlet, that discussion and reflection have strengthened his confidence in the soundness of the scheme which he has propounded with so much ability. It may be hoped, however, that the effect of the recent investigation on the generality of minds capable of appreciating argument will be to discourage further attempts at unsettling an important part of our fiscal system. That income is income, whatever its source, its tenure, or its duration—and that a tax on incomes ought to be assessed irrespective of the supposed private circumstances of the individuals or classes by whom they are received—may be set down among those axioms which it is inexpedient to make the subject of habitual controversy, even though the inconvenience may be incidentally and partially compensated by renewed demonstrations of elementary truths. The Committee to whose labours we owe the present protest on behalf of fiscal equality and justice has fortunately shown itself wiser than the House which appointed it to conduct a bootless inquiry; but its appointment was nevertheless a bad precedent, and one that will not bear repetition. It is satisfactory to remember that the author of the Report which—with modifications impairing its value as a scientific essay rather than its practical utility—was finally adopted by the Committee, is a prominent political coadjutor of the only statesman who ever submitted to Parliament a Budget founded on the principle of confiscation. We have to thank Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE for having made it impossible that Mr. DISRAELI should again produce a financial scheme offering unjust exemptions to a particular class of tax-payers. Mr. GLADSTONE, likewise, will perhaps be convinced by the result of the recent investigation that it is no part of the duty of a Chancellor of the Exchequer to encourage vague expectations of possible fiscal innovations which he is not prepared to realize in the form of a Government measure.

THE NEW AUSTERLITZ.

AUSTRIA has learned to mind her own business, to ask no questions, and to be very thankful if she is left alone; or she might be filled with wonder and indignation at finding a second NAPOLEON threatening her with a new Austerlitz which shall strip her of a province on the posses-

sion of which she especially prides herself, and render useless the great system of fortresses that have been erected as the bulwark of Germany. But although no open notice may be taken of the impertinences of an anonymous pamphlet, both Austria and the old allies of Austria may be reasonably moved by so startling a threat to consider what are really the prospects of FRANCIS JOSEPH and his Empire, and what would be the probable effect of a war in which France should try to repeat the successes of Austerlitz and Wagram. Austria rendered such signal services to Europe in the protracted resistance which she offered to NAPOLEON, and is so keenly alive to the advantages of securing England on her side, that Englishmen cannot be suspected of insincerity when they profess to regret deeply the conclusion to which they are driven, that the future of Austria is very dark, and that, except in the last extremity, we cannot throw in our lot with hers. Of course, if a war of wholesale spoliation were avowedly commenced, and the lion were to put his paw on the Rhine, and Belgium, and Antwerp, while he threw Venetia to his jackal, every other consideration must be sunk in what would be a struggle for the maintenance of the position of England in Europe. But we can be no parties to any policy that aims at keeping up the Austrian Empire by the aid of an English alliance. England has patiently weighed the issues raised by the present position of Venice and Hungary, and, however reluctantly, has decided in both instances against Austria. When we find that the supporters of Austria are driven to argue that Venice is really intended to be German, we revolt from so monstrous an outrage on national feeling. We cannot submit to be confused by historical parallels. We know at once that it is only the ingenuity of a paradoxical logic that proclaims Austria to hold Venice by the same title by which the British Crown holds Ireland. Englishmen have also watched the contest between Austria and Hungary, and by degrees we have arrived at the conviction that Hungary is entirely right, and Austria entirely wrong. Hungary upholds all that is dear to Englishmen—historical liberties, local independence, the fundamental doctrine that a Constitution is the right of a people and not the gift of a Prince. The cause of Austria is the cause of paper constitutions, of official pedantry and insolence, and of the varying inclinations of the master of half a million of soldiers. It will be impossible, therefore, for England, without abandoning her position as the head of European freedom, to take any steps the indirect effect of which would be the coercion of Hungary.

Every week increases the breach which separates the dominant and German element in Austria from the allied or dependent races of the Empire. The Prime Minister, M. VON SCHMERLING, has lately made an elaborate exposition of his policy; and it would be hard to conceive how any man occupying so delicate and dangerous a position could have managed to put into a speech more irritating matter, or have more amply justified the distrust which the Hungarians have shown of the offers made to them. The very success which his speech attained among his German hearers was enough to shake the confidence of any one who might have been inclined to think highly of Austrian liberty. The Germans applauded his speech to the skies, because he still stuck by the Constitution. They were not sure, when he rose, whether it was to be understood that the Constitution was to continue, and they were supremely obliged to him for telling them that the new Constitutional Government was to last more than six months. He, however, candidly informed them, that in his opinion, it did not make much difference whether a free Government existed or not, and that Hungary had got on better in the last ten years than she had ever done before. With freedom as it exists in the heart of a nation, and as fostered by historical traditions, he had no sympathy whatever. He considered that to recognise the legal rights of Hungary would have been to throw away a point in the game he was playing. He compared such a step to the folly of which a general would be guilty who should hand over a fort to the enemy in order to have the pleasure of retaking it at the cost of ten thousand men. This sounded very clever, and the Germans applauded it. But if any Southern German had dared to answer a Prime Minister—which is about as likely as that a French Prefet would dare to oppose the Minister of the Interior—it might have been objected that the real game which the EMPEROR was understood to be playing consisted in winning the affection and confidence of his subjects, and that his aim was to make Austria a compact, harmonious mass, and not a mere bundle of sticks held together by a rusty hoop of iron. In this he

and his Ministers have signally failed. The silly acrimony of M. VON SCHMERLING's language about Hungary is only in keeping with the acts by which he hopes to plague and wear her out. The county governments are being rapidly dissolved, and then nothing will remain but to pour in more and more soldiers, until Hungary and Venetia occupy the attention of the whole army, and then the new Austerlitz will be won on very cheap terms. Point after point in the game is lost with astonishing rapidity. The Croats have begun to mourn over the wrongs of Hungary, and the Diet of Agram remonstrates against the illegal dissolution of the Diet of Pesth. The Poles, in the person of Dr. SMOLKA, made a spirited protest against the policy of the Austrian Government; and both they and the Czechs have threatened to withdraw altogether from an Assembly where illegality rides with such a high hand. M. VON SCHMERLING will soon have played this game of reconciliation so ably as to have placed the EMPEROR at open variance with at least half his subjects.

It is true that the Germans, both in and out of the Empire, have been won over to a stricter union with the Imperial Government. As Austria separates more and more from her non-German subjects, she becomes more German. The changes that have been made in her system have put her more on a par with her Federal neighbours. Her Ultramontanism, on which the vast majority of German Catholics look with profound dislike, has been very much toned down, and the Viennese may be fairly considered to have got about as much constitutional liberty as the Bavarians. If Austria could but get rid of her dirty twopenny bank notes, she might soon pass completely into the German system. She offers much less opposition to Prussia than she did, and she has given up something of the dictation which she formerly exercised over the petty States that feared the energy of the Northern Kingdom. Germany may, therefore, be expected to make her cause the cause of the Fatherland, and to fight stoutly before it will let her be destroyed as a German Power. With her non-German subjects Germany has little to do. The Prussian Chamber has declared by an express vote that it is no business of Prussia to maintain Austria in Venetia, and it can still less be the business of Prussia to assist in trampling on the ancient liberties of Hungary. But the German possessions of Austria are probably more cherished in Germany than they were because they belong to Germany more than they did. The Southern Germans may therefore have the comfort of believing that, if a new Austerlitz is threatened, all Germany will take their part and shield them, so far as it is able, from foreign enemies. But we do not see that this will do much for the Austrian Empire. The Germans will struggle hard to keep Germany intact, and to maintain an opening to the Adriatic at Trieste; but they will scarcely fight to keep up the glories of the House of Hapsburg. It is absurd to prophesy in an age when scarcely anything is sure to happen excepting what is unexpected. But although the remoter issues and the exact shape of great events are hidden from us, we may without presumption venture to point out the general direction in which the fortunes of nations are tending; and it is not a very hazardous guess to pronounce that the probable result of what has been going on recently in Austria will be to separate more completely her non-German from her German provinces, and to unite the latter more intimately with the general body of Germany.

RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

THE terrible accidents which have lately occurred have concentrated public attention so much upon railway misdeeds, that railway misfortunes have been almost forgotten. The connexion between collisions and low dividends is rather remote, though there are many things which inevitably render an unprosperous line more hazardous to travellers than one which is able to pay remunerative dividends. The public, as well as the shareholders, are interested in the financial well-being of the great lines of communication, and would be damaged in more ways than one by a continuance of the almost universal depression which railway property has suffered during the last year.

With very few exceptions, the Reports which have followed so close upon one another during the last few weeks have told the same gloomy tale of diminished traffic, increased expenses, and unsatisfactory dividends. The Great Western has divided only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the Eastern Counties only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The South Eastern, though still able

to pay more than 4 per cent., is obliged to submit to a decline; and the Bristol and Exeter Company is in a similar position. The Great Northern Railway returns only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the London and North-Western—so long considered, and with good reason, the safest of all railway investments—asks its shareholders to be content with the same rate of dividend. Year after year, the most sanguine hopes have been indulged that the era of railway prosperity was about to commence, and that the same steady improvement might be looked for which in the long run invariably attends all other well-managed commercial enterprises. That this expectation is entertained as strongly as ever is proved by the high prices which the better description of railway stock maintain in spite of the falling-off in the dividends of the year. Purchasers of Consols have recently been getting from $3\frac{1}{4}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for their money; and yet the prices of North-Western and Great Northern stock are such that there would be scarcely more than 4 per cent. in the one case, and less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the other, to be obtained by a purchase at this moment, on the assumption that the dividends of the present year fairly represented the value of the property. The same disproportion between the market price of shares and the current rate of dividend may be observed in many other Companies; and it may therefore be assumed that the causes of the present depression are, in the opinion of those most interested in the inquiry, of an essentially temporary kind. What these causes are it is not difficult to say. Every Chairman of a Railway Company has offered the same consolation to his disappointed shareholders. Railway receipts rise and fall with the prosperity of the country; and the bad harvest of 1860—much worse, as is now known, than was imagined at the time—has to bear the blame of nine-tenths of the loss which the Railway Companies have suffered. Not only has the agricultural traffic been enormously diminished, but trade has felt, as it always does, a sympathetic depression, and this again has reacted upon railway profits. An equally marked effect has been produced on the pleasure traffic; nor can it be matter of surprise that, when the country is driven to expend many millions beyond the average demand for foreign corn, it has less to squander upon unnecessary travelling. Railway traffic, in short, is the most sensitive barometer by which to test material prosperity; and when the sky is overcast, as it has been for the last twelve months, the barometer cannot choose but fall.

If this were the sole, as it probably is the chief cause of the distress of the railway interest, there would be nothing more to say than that the year had been exceptionally bad, and that reasonable hopes might be entertained of better times to come. But besides the immediate influence of the deficient harvest, there are other causes in operation, less important in the extent of their influence, but far more serious from their permanent character. It is not fair to contrast recent railway experience with the days of ten per cent. dividends. At that time, as the Chairman of the London and North-Western reminded his audience, everybody supposed that engines and permanent ways would never wear out, or at any rate acted upon that hypothesis, by setting aside nothing out of their income for the renewals which are now found so heavy a charge. In other words, the ten per cent. dividends were paid, but were never earned, and the subsequent falling-off of apparent profits, when a sounder system of finance was forced upon the Companies, is not to be looked upon as any evidence of a decline in railway prosperity. But many years have passed since the system of delusive dividends was exploded. The vast increase which has taken place in the aggregate traffic has been more than neutralized, and the general tendency has been in the direction of a decline of railway profits. Ultimately, the whole of this depression may be traced to competition. The North-Western line, for example, which once monopolized the lucrative carrying business between London and the great manufacturing districts, has now to divide its territory with the Great Northern on the one side, and the Great Western on the other. The indirect effect of competition has been even more severely felt. We do not refer merely to the ruinous system occasionally tried of carrying passengers at a loss in order to bring a rival company to terms, but to the immense additional expense which has been incurred by increasing the speed and frequency of trains in order to tempt the public to travel by one line in preference to another. Engines now weigh twice as much as they did in the early times of railway travelling, and travel at double the pace. Express, ordinary, and excursion trains are multiplied to gratify the demands of the public,

until the whole system is subjected to a strain which almost inevitably involves a frightful accident once or twice a year, and adds daily to the wear and tear and other permanent expenses of working. Hitherto, the increased cost entailed by such competition has fully kept pace with the increased receipts from the growing population and wealth of the country; and if the expense of maintaining and working a line is still to go on increasing at the same rate, shareholders may abandon at once all hopes of improved dividends, and travellers must be content to accept an appreciable risk of being smashed as one of the necessary incidents of a railway journey.

The most hopeful symptom which can be described in the present state of railway affairs is the evident tendency to put an end to the further growth of a system of competition which, while ruinous to the Companies, usually ends in combinations disadvantageous to the public. Very recently, a compromise agreement, under which the through traffic to Scotland has been carried on by eight independent Companies, has been sustained by the Court of Chancery against an attempt to impugn its legality; and though it is not desirable, in the interests of travellers, that the whole network of communication should become practically the monopoly of one vast amalgamated Company, it is quite clear that neither the public nor the shareholders benefit, in the long run, by the mad system of competition which has sometimes prevailed. While the prospects of harmonious action among the existing lines are certainly improved, the dangers of fresh competition from new undertakings have, in great measure, disappeared. The last session of Parliament was one of renewed activity in Railway Bills, but a large proportion of these were for metropolitan improvements, and scarcely any were promoted with the view of abstracting traffic from lines already constructed. The truth is that the trunk lines already in existence are substantially all that the country requires; and local extensions are the most that can be needed to extend the benefits of railway communication to every corner of Great Britain. There is nothing to tempt any one to project new competing lines except the standing inducement which is appreciated by the professional gentlemen who concern themselves in such projects, and it may be anticipated, at any rate until a great improvement in dividends occurs, that the existing lines will continue to represent the railway system of the country. If these Companies cannot work amicably without impoverishing themselves by ruinous contests, it will be their own fault; and from the instant that a term is put to the further progress of competition, the steady and continuous improvement of railway property is as much a matter of certainty as the progressive advance of the national expenditure, the onward march of trade, the increased productiveness of taxation, or even as the permanence of the Income-tax itself. The past growth of railway traffic has surpassed the most sanguine expectations, and dividends have only not kept pace with it from the fact that competition has progressed as fast or faster. Traffic will go on increasing with population and wealth; and if we could only be sure that competition had attained its full development, and would remain comparatively stationary at the point it has reached, the steady increase of railway dividends might be predicted with as much confidence as the recurrence of summer and winter. There are some grounds for believing that, for a time, at any rate, the competitive principle which has been so disastrous to railway shareholders has received an effectual check; and with this conviction we can comprehend the high estimation which railway investments command, notwithstanding the meagre returns which they have lately given.

THE MIDDLE-CLASS EXAMINATIONS.

GR^{EAT} satisfaction has been expressed at the result of the last Oxford Middle-Class Examinations by the advocates of the system. But we scarcely know on what grounds this satisfaction is based. A slight increase in the number of candidates since last year tells very little; and the other results which are reported seem to us to indicate nothing so much as uncertainty in the standard of examination. There could be no doubt from the beginning that the scheme would be, in a certain sense, a success. Hold out to people disproportionate inducements to pass any kind of examination, or to do anything else you can imagine, and amidst the high-pressure struggle for a livelihood you are certain to have plenty of candidates. A scramble for

sovereigns among all the boys in a town would be sure to attract plenty of scramblers, and in that respect the result would be highly satisfactory. But the effects on the character of the youthful population would still remain problematical. Those who instituted a minor university degree for schoolboys could not doubt that a large number of schoolboys would come forward for degrees. The only wonder is that the number is not much larger, and that it shows so little tendency to increase. But the effect of the plan on the education of the class for whose benefit it is intended, and on society generally, is yet to be determined.

The effect on the education of the particular class can only be determined by a general inspection of the schools from which the candidates come, and that inspection would supersede the present plan of examining specimen boys. We have as yet had no sort of assurance that a system the obvious tendency of which is to induce schoolmasters, especially those who are struggling for a position, to throw all their energy into a few prize boys, is not producing its natural effect. On the other hand, we have a rather strong, though indirect proof that what we should have expected beforehand is actually taking place. Religious knowledge has not hitherto been taken into account for the certificate or class; nor was it taken into account at the recent examination, the new regulations on that subject not having yet come into operation. In consequence of this, the state of religious knowledge among the candidates is still reported as being miserably low. It is obvious, then, that the schoolmasters neglect the subject, though it has the strongest claims of all upon their sense of duty, because it does not tell towards the ambitious object which is held out to them as the mark of their endeavours. Is it not probable that, as they neglect the subject which does not tell, so they will neglect the boys who are not likely to do them honour? "A good school," says Mr. BLAKESLEY (who is certainly no obscurantist), in his evidence before the Education Commission—"A good school is conducted on altogether different principles from a racing stable; but if its merit is to be judged by the places its pupils obtain in a 'middle-class examination,' this will cease to be the case; instead of the master making it his business to develop normally the faculties of his scholars, unequal as they may be, and to bring all the soils, poor as well as rich, to such degree of perfection as they are capable of, he will be tempted to neglect all his boys but those who show some promise of distinction, and to train these with sole reference to their performances in the examination to which they are at some distant time to be subjected." Is this sense or nonsense? If it is sense, why should not some attention be paid to it before we are irretrievably committed to the scheme?

As regards the effects of this and similar stimulating processes on society, there are certain things which, at the point of educational excitement and competition we have now reached, it is full time the friends of high-pressure systems should take into their serious consideration, if they do not wish to do mischief to the community. The Baconian method of induction from actual experiment is no doubt more satisfactory than that of *a priori* reasoning; but in the case of great social interests the process of experiment is rather expensive. We are inclined to think that those who are so anxiously stimulating all the youth of this country, by every kind of prize and honour that can be invented, to aspire to intellectual callings, mistake the character and the requirements of the age in which they are living. We are inclined to think that they are unconsciously committing a great and dangerous anachronism. The age of the founders of colleges and endowed schools was an illiterate age, when men were more inclined to the labour of the hand than to that of the brain, when the mind was torpid and the aspirations low, and the great need of society was an increase of the intellectual element. To stimulate the growth of the intellectual element by all possible means was consequently, at that time, not only benevolent, but wise. But the case, owing to the progress of civilization, is now reversed. There is now a disproportionate desire for intellectual and a disproportionate dislike for un-intellectual callings. It is the market of educated labour, not that of manual labour, that is now glutted, and becoming more glutted every day. To urge and entice people by every possible method to enter the market of educated labour, instead of entering that of trade or manual industry, is, under present circumstances, to do exactly the reverse of that which the condition of society requires. It is not only to carry coals to Newcastle—it is

to carry more guests to a dinner which is already insufficient, and to expose the community to the natural resentment and disaffection of those who have been thus decoyed into starvation. Few people will doubt that some effects of a glut of the educated labour-market are now beginning to be felt; while multiplied stimulants—competitions for India, civil and military appointments, prizes, scholarships, honours of all kinds, and, to crown all, these middle-class examinations—are perpetually adding to the embarrassment which society begins to have on its hands.

The other consideration which we could wish to see taken into account before it is too late, is the probable effect of this vast prize and honour system on the national character. That so potent an agency, introduced into the education of a whole people, and operating on the ductile minds of the young, must have an effect of some kind on national character it is impossible to doubt. The effect may be good, and it may be evil. It will be one or the other, according to the degrees of circumspection with which the matter is managed. To plead for circumspection, not to dogmatize on a doubtful subject, is our present object. The basis of the English character has hitherto been duty. *In hoc signo vicimus*—this was NELSON's signal before Trafalgar. While the grand motive power of our rivals the French has been glory, our grand motive power has been duty; and duty has proved in every sense the stronger of the two. What we are now doing has certainly a tendency—we do not say more—to introduce a great change in this respect. It has a tendency to substitute the principle of ambition for the principle of duty as the ruling motive of the national mind. Is this a gain? Is it likely to add to our happiness? Is it likely to add to our greatness? The old general was not undeservedly laughed at who objected to the multiplication of military crosses and orders, on the ground that "if we went on in this way, everybody would 'be wanting to distinguish himself.'" But it would not have been so absurd to say that each officer would be seeking distinction for himself, instead of seeking victory for the whole army. As it is with an army, so it is in some degree with a nation. And if you violently excite a particular motive by artificial stimulants, you cannot expect to say to it, "So far shalt thou go, and no farther." You must take the consequences, good or evil. It is remarkable that in this matter of the middle-class examinations, Cambridge—which, of the two Universities, has had far greater experience of the high-pressure system—steadily refuses, though at some risk of odium and loss of influence, to follow the example of Oxford in giving A.A. degrees as well as certificates. She may forfeit popularity for the moment by the refusal, but we suspect that, in the interests of society, she will be found in the long run to have been profoundly in the right.

AMERICAN FINANCE.

AS Special Correspondents are not absolutely exempt from the weaknesses of human nature, it would be unreasonable to complain that, like the chameleon, they take their colour from the food they live on. At any rate, the fact is well established. When the *Times* had its reporters in both camps during the Italian war, it was amusing to see the one more Austrian than the Austrians, the other more Italian than the Sardinians themselves. Even Mr. RUSSELL, during his Southern tour, was half a Secessionist, and on arriving at Washington took exactly the composite tint which characterizes that distracted capital. The Correspondent at New York, on the other hand, has followed the fluctuations of opinion in that focus of Northern agitation with admirable fidelity. While the Empire State was apathetic as to the threatened aggression of the South, the letters from New York reflected the prevailing indifference. When the war fever was at its height, its symptoms were nowhere else so pronounced as in the correspondence printed in the *Times*, and future changes of opinion will probably be reflected with an equally faithful, because unconscious accuracy. If this predominance of local influence may throw doubt on the correctness of narrated facts, it gives us the best assurance that the more important matter of the real state of feeling at any moment is reported, or rather reports itself, in a manner to be entitled to the most entire confidence. We may assume, therefore, that the financial exposition given in a recent letter embodies the calculations which are thought convincing in American circles; and it is worth while to consider what the foundation is on which the war party builds its hopes of sustaining its credit at home and abroad at a point

sufficiently high to provide for all the possible requirements of a war conducted with unexampled prodigality.

A little touch of contemptuous indignation at the cautions which have appeared in the English papers on the subject of the 100,000,000*l.* loan is particularly valuable as evidence of the genuineness of the Americanism, whether native or acquired, of the writer. The States, we are told, never thought of asking pecuniary assistance from Europe—a statement which would prove their sagacity if it had not long since been preceded by an exact apportionment in prospect of the intended loan between domestic and foreign markets. America seems to be persuaded that European capital only seeks American investments in troublesome times, when confidence in European investments is shaken. There is something whimsical in the notion of English capitalists going to America for better security, combined with double interest; but without discussing this singular theory, it is enough to note with satisfaction the fact, that the Government of the United States purposes to draw its funds exclusively from its own people. Under these circumstances, it is comparatively immaterial to Englishmen whether the operation will be successful or not.

The telegraphic announcement that the Northern banks had taken up 30,000,000*l.* of the loan had perhaps as much truth in it as the average of telegrams; for it now appears that one-third of the alleged advance has actually been agreed upon on sufficiently onerous terms, and that the contract for the other 20,000,000*l.* is binding only on the Government, and remains for some months optional with the banks. The great fact, therefore, to which the Americans appeal as proof of the confidence of the moneyed classes, is an advance of 10,000,000*l.*, to be drawn from time to time as required, and to bear interest at 7½ per cent. from the date of the contract. This would not be thought a very successful operation by an English Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it becomes even less significant of exuberant credit from the condition attached, that, instead of paying up the amount in cash, the banks are to be at liberty to substitute the floating obligations of the Government which have been put in circulation to an unknown, but certainly very large amount. The caution of the banks does not necessarily imply want of confidence in the solvency of the State, but the transaction is certainly not conclusive evidence of a high state of financial credit. Other arguments are therefore resorted to in order to prove that the Federal Government is a solvent, honest, liberal, and every way desirable debtor. As a matter of fact, it is said that it has hitherto met its obligations faithfully and promptly; and in the main this is true, though we think there was one occasion when creditors fell to the ground between the two stools of Federal and State liability. However, it will be conceded that the Union, or what may remain of it from time to time, will do its utmost to keep faith with the public creditor. But when this is urged as a ground of confidence, it must be remembered that the obligations of the old Union are certainly repudiated by nearly half of its component States, and that the population, wealth, and territory which formed the basis of former loans may possibly undergo further reductions by the same disintegrating process. All the calculations imported from New York go upon the assumption of the continued existence of a State limited only by its present *de facto* boundaries, and sufficiently unanimous on the subject of taxation to be relied upon to raise whatever may be necessary to meet the interest of the war-loans, to whatever figure they may reach. Granting this hypothesis, it is perfectly true, as the New York people tell us, that the country has ample resources to cover the largest loan which has yet been proposed. The potential taxation of the Free States is reckoned up and triumphantly declared to be far beyond the needful mark. An excise, if it were heavy enough, might bring in something approaching to the vast sums which are derived from this source in England. An Income and Property-tax would be still more elastic. Customs already raised far beyond the most productive point on all articles of manufacture might nevertheless find a field for further exaction in those articles of common consumption which, in England, we have been steadily relieving since the days of Sir ROBERT PEELE's Administration.

The sole question which casts a doubt on these sanguine calculations is whether the various States of the North, with interests so conflicting as theirs are in fiscal matters, will prefer to submit to this aggravated taxation, or whether they also may not be tempted, by a convenient secession, to throw off successively the liabilities of the Federal Government, or

at any rate to insist on easy taxation, even at the risk of repudiation, as a condition of remaining in the Union. When once decomposition has commenced, no one can say how far it may ultimately proceed. Whatever may be the issue of the war, the prestige of Union is gone, and the idea of severance may possibly spring up whenever local interests may be supposed to be at variance with the Federal policy. At this moment, the notion of any further division would be scouted with contempt by most, if not all, of the Northern States; but in estimating the credit of a nation it is necessary to consider of what it is likely to consist in the remote future. All that we have to guide us is the fact that the American Union has been inoculated with a disease which may or may not, in certain contingencies, develop itself in those parts of the body politic which appear at present to be free from taint.

Against these elements of doubt we have to set the enormous expansive power which the Free States have hitherto shown, and which is almost certain, in spite of war or any other interruption, to swell their means, in the long run, far more rapidly than would be possible even in the most stable and enterprising of the countries of Europe. With a practically unlimited territory to occupy, and with large attractions to offer to European emigrants, the growth of population and wealth on the American continent cannot be destroyed by any war of moderate duration. The lost ground will doubtless be made up by the same energy which has so quickly peopled new territories and raised up cities in the wilderness. This is the great reliance of the more confident of the party of the North; and if it were only possible to say how much of the wealth for which the future is thus confidently drawn upon will remain within the area to which Federal obligations will extend, it would be not altogether unreasonable to say, with the most sanguine of the Americans, that there is ample margin for all the liabilities which they propose to incur. The extent to which the doubts entertained in this respect may prevail with the capitalists of America itself will be sufficiently indicated by the terms on which successive portions of the war loan may be raised. At present, the measure of such suspicions is given by a rate of interest equivalent perhaps to something like 8 per cent.; and this, however startling it might appear in England, is not altogether extravagant according to American habits and ideas. The gloom which is said to have prevailed since the loan arrangement was concluded is not an encouraging symptom; but the stethoscope which will record with unflinching certainty the true state of the financial health of the States will be afforded by the market rates of Federal securities. We are far from saying anything so distasteful to American ears as that their new loan is a hazardous speculation. It is enough to note the fact that the amount of risk attending it bears, in the estimate of the New York community, the same proportion to the securities of other countries which 8 per cent. bears to the rates which are current elsewhere. According to the English scale, this would assign it a position considerably below average railway shares, and would place it among the more speculative ventures of the miscellaneous market. Whether this standard will be maintained or improved, it would be premature to guess.

THE HAMPSTEAD JUNCTION ACCIDENT.

RAILWAYS have added to our *copia verborum*. The English language has been enriched, or at least enlarged, by a whole mass of railway technology. Shunting, rolling-stock, buffers, points, chairs, locomotives, are additions to the vernacular. But one word is yet wanted to make the nomenclature of the rail commensurate with its facts. What name is to be given to these "railway accidents?" The term "accident" is altogether inappropriate. The thing being new—the fact being a stranger to human experience—we want a new term. Language, as it is, breaks down before these phenomena. A second tragedy, on the Hampstead Junction, just one week after the catastrophe near Brighton, has literally spread gloom over the whole country. The excitement after a battle is actually less than the general sense of insecurity and danger which at the present moment oppresses society. It was only last week that we expressed a decided opinion that the Brighton accident was not to be looked upon as a solitary or exceptional case. Rather, we reckoned it only as a prognostic of coming and even worse dangers; and we intimated a conviction that the present development of the railway system was such that we

could almost count upon a repetition of such disasters. Our gloomy prophecy has been too rapidly and too fatally fulfilled; and exactly the same blot in railway management has been a second time hit. Another excursion train has been smashed to pieces; and this has happened because a single line of rails has been made to do more duty and to answer for more traffic than it can safely bear.

Let us mark the points of resemblance or identity between the Brighton and Hampstead Junction catastrophes. In each case the killed and wounded were in what is called a monster-train of excursionists. An excursion train has about the same relation to the ordinary traffic as a comet has to the planetary system. The excursion train has perhaps its period, but it is unknown and unwritten in time-tables. *Bradshaw* has not calculated its orbit. It dashes through space at its own will, suddenly, unexpectedly, capriciously. It generally contrives to glide through space without dashing something to atoms; but it may shatter a regular traveller in a quiet sphere, whose period and orbit are recognised and ascertained. The excursion train is a stranger and intruder in the system. It may stop at any given station or it may not. And the rule of one is not the rule of another. There are excursion trains of various degrees of eccentricity. Some are more erratic, more unreliable, and more unintelligible than others. The elements of a Sunday excursion train may almost be calculated; but a week-day excursion for a charity or a Sunday-school, such as that which took its thousands to Kew on Monday last, and which numbers its dead and wounded by scores, just flashes in and out of the regular routine as it can. Both on Monday last and on Sunday week it was an excursion train and excursionists that met with this frightful calamity.

Next—in either case, the line of rails was made to do more work than it was constructed for. On the Brighton line, three trains were despatched at dangerously short intervals. On the Hampstead Junction, the ordinary and extraordinary traffic, and a special traffic of ballast waggons bringing up gravel for a new building, went up and down the line in inextricable confusion. At the Clayton tunnel, if everything went right to a hair's breadth, and if not the slightest derangement occurred, one train would just not run into another. At Hampstead, the exceptional gravel waggons were always on the occupied line, and had to get out of the way very many times a day as they could. If they were shunted at the very nick of time—if every point answered the leverage with the finest accuracy—if no pointsman ever made the wrong pull or turned the wrong handle, there would just not be a collision by the very greatest good luck. But all, in either case, depended on what is significantly called the narrowest shave in the world. Everything was all day long just on the closest verge of destruction, just travelling on the very razor-edge of fate. We all know what comes of this in the long run.

And finally, there was in either case the old palliative of the neglected signals to fall back upon. This, under any circumstances, we consider the weakest of excuses. Under any system of signals some reliance must be placed on the signal-man keeping his presence of mind in an emergency. But a signal-man is but a man. Even the man of iron nerves and mechanical regularity makes a mistake now and then. Mr. ANGELL JAMES, whose memoirs were reviewed in these pages recently, once broke down in the Lord's Prayer. A signal-man is sure to break down once or so in his life. The man at the Clayton tunnel seems to have kept his presence of mind and not to have done the wrong thing at the wrong moment for eleven or twelve years; but at last his head failed him. It is not the inefficiency of signals so much as the crowding of traffic which causes these accidents. On the Great-Western there is scarcely ever an accident, simply because it is a high-priced line with comparatively little cheap and crowded traffic, and officials are not driven into a corner and mystified and puzzled by the hurry-scurry. On this line everything does not depend on the nicest and most refined accuracy. Precision in signals is not so much a matter of life and death. When railways were less used, no such disasters as these occurred.

Here the comparison of the two cases ends. The recurrence of what, however, are the specialties of this second and most frightful calamity may be reckoned upon, we fear, the more the railway system is completed. The Hampstead Junction is a line of very short extent, engineered to fit into other existing lines. Consequently, it is a series of hazardous expedients. It abounds in violent curves. Being, in fact, only

a short railway, it has many and small stations, every one of which is scantily officered. Trains are perpetually passing and repassing; and at every station there is a multiplication of points, shunting, and signals. Every point and every signal-post is, on the very freest lines, a weak place in the system. On this particular line, there is not half a mile without its weak place. It is not so much a matter of apprehension as of certainty that the completion of the railway system means a multiplication of those dangerous Junction lines, studded full of complications, intricacies, and weaknesses. A great Trunk line, with its large stations eight or ten miles apart, is a very different thing from the North London with its little cramped stations every half mile.

Another circumstance which marks out this accident with a special and exceptional character, is the scene of it. One of the very worst tragedies which have yet taken place in the annals of railways has occurred on a railway such as none other exists or perhaps can exist. The Hampstead Junction seems to be no man's land; and the Aceldama in the Kentish Town Fields seems to be nobody's property. It is the Debateable Land of two companies—the Border Territory exactly suited to lawlessness and defiance of all order. Mr. DENISON, in his pleasant and engaging language, speaks of the Westminster Clock as the very type and model of mismanagement, because the striking parts belong to one department of official superintendence while the going works are under the care, or neglect, of another set of responsibilities. This is said to be the case with the Hampstead Junction. Its management is equally divided between two companies. The staff belongs to the North Western Company, and the rolling stock to the North London, or *vice versa*; just as in the Spanish marine one man sails the ship and another attends to the ship's place or manages the navigation. Consequently nobody is in fault. Whatever happens, the signalman or pointsman shifts the responsibility to the machinery, while the guards, firemen, and stokers absolve the locomotive at the expense of the stationary officials.

Into the particulars of this frightful event we are not disposed to enter. All that is most horrible happened, and all that is most horrible is incapable of description. Let anybody heap up all the elements of destruction—an irresistible mass of crashing iron, driven at the full force of some thirty or forty miles an hour—a precipitous hurling over an abrupt abyss—fire, scalding water, darkness—and wounds, shrieks, agony, and death. These things are what the simplest notion of a railway collision comprises; and these things were there in their worst shape. On investigation it will probably be found that the hitch was but slight, the mistake or blunder—if there was a mistake or blunder—all but, if not quite, venial. The large and permanent, and we fear increasing causes remain behind—too much work and too little space in which to do it—too much traffic and too great a necessity for inviting such excessive traffic—exceptional trains interpolated, without time or regularity, into the midst of the ordinary traffic—an awkward makeshift of a line, full of dangers and weak places, and apparently under no single and concentrated management—a divided and fluctuating responsibility, and a system which, if it is any system at all, founders simply because it always sails within half a quarter of a point of the wind's eye.

SCIENCE AND PASSION.

IF any one wishes to estimate the difference which separates the current literature of the Continent from that of England, the most instructive writer he can turn to is unquestionably George Sand. There are plenty of writers who outrage more completely the feelings which in England are most highly honoured, and who reveal, with a more brutal frankness, all the extremities of Parisian recklessness. But George Sand has this great and distinguishing merit—that she alone gives us the good side of what we set ourselves to condemn—that she can feel, if not expound, a philosophy of life that may be a deplorable mistake, but cannot be called ignoble or tame—and that she really raises problems as to the constitution and the usages of modern society which are worth thinking over seriously. She has lately written a novel called *Valvedre*, which is, in its way, a remarkable work. It must be confessed that she has not got more lively as she has gone on writing; and in spite of the finish of its style, *Valvedre* would be a very heavy dose for any one who read it merely as a tale. But it is not without considerable interest to those who are acquainted with the general scope of her writings. It marks a great revolution in her opinions and her philosophy; and although many people, as they grow old, are apt to go through some change of the sort, yet the particular shape which this change assumes in a Frenchwoman of genius has its own special interest. In her early days,

she devoted herself to paint the phases, the excuses, and the course of passion. She claimed that, in defiance of the judgment of a conventional world, passion should, if sincere, be considered its own justification. We will not stop now to estimate what fragment of truth there may have been in the vast mass of error which she poured forth with such amazing rapidity. But this was her creed, and she shrank from none of its consequences, and adorned it with the ardent eloquence and the touches of poetical sweetness which never failed her. With passion she allied art; and music, painting, and the artistic representation of scenery were freely used both to express and to complete the fervour and romance of her lovers. She has now apparently outlived all this. She has at least attained to the melancholy moral that passion is vanity. *Valvedre* is written to show how hollow and foolish all ill-managed lovmaking is, what poor, silly creatures the women are who long to be idolized at any expense, and what a great gain it is for a man to leave such things behind him for ever. The hero of *Valvedre* is reclaimed in a manner that would be thought highly proper on this side the Channel. He is made to work very hard and very sedulously at a factory for seven years, and is then suddenly married to the daughter of a Swiss pastor. But this is only half the moral of the book. The writer wishes to show, not only that passion fails, but that something else succeeds. This something is science. The last discovery of the authoress of *Lelia* is that wisdom and happiness lie, not in the daring discussion of religious difficulties or in the fierce triumphs of a defiant love, but in botany and mineralogy, in watching the path of glaciers, in contemplating the order and harmony of nature, and in collecting and arranging the contents of a museum.

No one who reads the book can refuse to acknowledge that she is perfectly serious in this—that she is heartily tired of her old frame of mind, and that she sincerely believes she has found a new life full of beauties that cannot decay. The names of other Continental writers also instantly occur who have gone through something of the same history. The author of the *Sorrows of Werter* spent the evening of his life in examining the growth of plants and the laws of colour; and the most fanciful of French historians has taken to describing birds, and insects, and the loves of whales. But in George Sand we get the philosophy of this transformation stated as a philosophy. *Valvedre* lays down as a thesis which the author is prepared to maintain against all disputants, that science is the true antidote to passion and the true source of human happiness, whereas sensuous excitement is the true source of human misery. Most English readers would say that this was a very poor kind of repentance, and that the sinner ought to turn saintly and not scientific. Substantially this is true; but it ought to be remembered that in most Catholic countries, and especially in France, turning saintly means turning into that mixture of panic and love of excitement which is known as becoming *devote*. George Sand expressly discusses in *Valvedre* the worth of this kind of transformation, and decides that it is only passion in another form, and affords no real relief to a mind that is not overtaken by terror, but longs for a relief from the cravings of a spurious appetite for excitement. Whether she is right or wrong is another matter; but it is more important to notice what she accepts, and not what she rejects. This notion of science being the antidote of passion is one not at all familiar to English people. Rare instances in private life may, indeed, be found where a philosophy of the sort has been acted on; but nine people out of ten who would read *Valvedre* carefully would be obliged to own that the point of the book was one that was new to them, and seemed very paradoxical. Of course good young people who have been brought up to work hard at science may be saved by it from many errors, but so they would have been if their work had been mathematics or Sanskrit. All subjects of hard study bring the benefits which hard study confers; and no study, whether scientific or not, will keep people right who have nothing else to trust to. But this is quite beside the mark at which George Sand is aiming. The real drift of *Valvedre* is, that persons who are tired of passion without having been brutalized by it, or who have recoiled from the abyss on the edge of which they have been standing, may find a new life and security in science; and it is worth while to think what it is that she means, and how far what she means is true.

The chief reason, we imagine, why science has such a charm for minds like that of George Sand, is that it presents something fixed, external, and impersonal. Those who have felt, and thought, and suffered much, who have listened to the whisperings of fancy, who have loved with a natural and then with a factitious enthusiasm, who have sought in art an aid to sensibility, and have tormented themselves with the mysteries of human existence, get sadly tired, after a time, of the vanity of their pursuits. But where are they to go as a refuge? The subjects of thought most congenial and familiar to them only lead them over the same old path, and back into the barren wilderness of their own unsatisfied wishes. Men engaged in active life, and women on whom family cares press with a daily load, are easily drawn away from a morbid contemplation of themselves. But people of leisure, the sort of people for whom *Valvedre* is written, may have nothing in the circumstances of their outer life to call them away from unprofitable meditation. Science, however, must be acknowledged to offer very much of what they want. The world of which it tells is a world that exists in equal beauty and with equal certainty whatever may be the feelings or the cares of man. Science offers a region where facts only prevail, and where

what is once apprehended is never lost. In the religious repentance which, in an English book, would replace the scientific repentance of George Sand, one of the great comforts of the wounded, and desolate, and despairing heart is that it clings to a Being outside itself. In however much humbler and more impure a degree, something of the same feeling strengthens and calms the mind that, weary of the world, begins to occupy itself with nature—with nature, that is, not as seen through the spectacles of man's feelings, but as it is apart from man, governed by its own laws and full of its own wonders. It is true that there is nothing in science analogous to the active response vouchsafed in religious repentance. It is only something external and apart—it is not something external and apart that returns an answering support. But the mere fact that it has an existence independent of the shifting feelings of a tired and depressed mind gives it an inestimable value to the sufferer. It opens to him a door of escape behind which he can leave his burden of gloomy fancies and vague misgivings.

Science has also the great charm of offering a complete cure for vacuity of thought. It gives plenty of work—of work that may be made unceasing, that may easily be made to fill up every hour of the day, and may employ the body as much as the mind. How passionately people long for work—hard, but not too hard, exciting, but not too exciting—when the time of weariness and despondency has come with the shade of advancing years, may be learned from the eagerness with which many women in middle age throw themselves into the life of conventual establishments, or take to ministering among the poor. It is true that other employments besides the pursuit of science afford plenty of work. Hour after hour soon slips away in writing a book or painting a picture, but the work of science is much more varied, and especially of science as George Sand loves to picture it. Her scientific hero is a man who passes whole weeks in surveying the unexplored portions of the Alps, who is making the most interesting experiments in light, electricity, glaciers and so on, who has a retinue of followers, and a faithful friend with a marvellous knowledge of botany. This is the romance of scientific life. To have a fortune and to despise it, except so far as it enables its possessor to do science on a magnificent scale, is not given to every one. But, in a less degree, the enjoyments of the philosopher of *Valvedre* are within the reach of all students. Those who take up science as a mental diversion rather than in the hope of making a valuable contribution to the stock of scientific knowledge, have one advantage over those who go to work in a more serious way. They need not confine themselves so closely to the study of details. They can select those portions of the particular science they take up which require locomotion and permit them to enjoy at will the busy idleness of an out-of-door philosopher. M. Michelet would probably have had to spend years over the microscope if he had aspired to reveal to the scientific world any new phenomena of insect life. But a smattering of knowledge, and a great amount of pleasant wandering in pleasant places, enabled him to do all he wanted, and to find in insects a new subject for poetical description. His books are perhaps scarcely scientific enough to answer to the ideal of science which George Sand has formed. But they are near enough to supply a good illustration of what she means, and no one can doubt that the labour spent by their author in preparing to write them must have been a labour of love.

There is also in science a mixture of poetry and commonsense which may be readily conceived to be very inviting to persons who have long lived in a poetical world, and cannot entirely abandon it without a sense of loss and desolation, and who are yet smitten with a longing to connect themselves with the ordinary world and to check the taste for whatever is morbid and extravagant. If a rhapsodist wishes to indulge his genius, he cannot rhapsodize more easily on any subject than on the wonders of creation. A poetical writer has also the advantage, in studying science, of portraying a feeling which he is sure is genuine, noble, and spontaneous. The wonders of creation overpower and fascinate the mind that fairly opens itself to the impression they create. A man of science, who expresses with anything like adequacy the emotions which the marvels disclosed to him naturally awaken, is as sure that he is describing what in all ages must be felt by all men of feeling as the most consummate master of the play and sweep of passion can possibly be. It is easier to be right in delineating the poetical side of science than in analysing the springs of human action; and although no scientific description is more true than *Othello* is true as an account of human action under certain circumstances, yet excellence in scientific description requires infinitely less power than is exhibited in *Othello*. While, therefore, poetical science is not more true than the highest truth of the drama, it is much more within the compass of common minds. And at the same time that science is full of poetry to a poetical mind, it has yet a strong tendency to confine the student within the limits of common sense. Extravagant, vague, and inaccurate language is glaringly out of keeping with the sober realities and inexhaustible accuracy of nature. There is an element of the businesslike in an occupation so bound up with method and order as scientific investigation, and the neutral tints of business and common sense have an atmosphere of repose that allures those who, like the authoress of *Valvedre*, have long been accustomed to glaring colours.

COUNTRY DOCTORS.

STOMACHS and nerves, they say, are growing weaker as the world grows older. Railway travelling, and modes of life and speed of labour scarcely less rapid and exhausting, have reduced us to a condition of melancholy degeneracy compared to the robustness of our fathers. In old times, if men died, it was, so to speak, from excess of life and irregularities of strength. Fulness of blood, fevers, inflammations, apoplexies, carried them off. The lancet was in constant requisition, and the chief labour of a medical man was to prevent his patient from being too hale and hearty. At one time, men and women were bled—not for illness, but simply to repress their redundant vigour—once in the spring and once in the autumn of every year. They knew little or nothing of quinine and steel, and they shunned the seashore as poisonous. And such as their health was, such were their habits. We speak in tones of virtuous reprobation of their debauched and intemperate practices. It is no doubt a gain that we are freed from the dominion of such habits. But it is a cheap morality on our parts. We could not imitate their excesses if we tried. We make a virtue of necessity, and speak contemptuously of three-bottle men; but our dyspeptic, bilious, bloodless generation would no more be equal to indulging in three bottles of port at a sitting than to swallowing the glass that contains them. We live in what is delicately called an atonic age. Medical science is devoted constantly to the task of fanning into a sickly flame the sparks of life which are ever threatening to go out. Every disease is a disease of weakness; and almost every medical prescription harps upon bark, iron, stimulants, and change of air. Philosophers wonder that enthusiasm is dead in England, and that we have fallen upon a grovelling and materialistic age. But enthusiasm is the luxury of well-filled veins and healthy stomachs. A generation that lives on tonics has no strength left for superfluous sentiment.

This sudden and extreme change in the character of human pathology ought to be taken into consideration when our spirits move a wretched patient, as they very often do, to execrate the country doctors. There is no doubt that they are at once one of the most puzzling phenomena of a progressive age, and one of the greatest dangers to which the mass of men are exposed. Few persons in the educated classes who are at all advanced in life but can name some former friend or relative whose loss they ascribe to their having unluckily fallen ill at a distance from London advice. It is an evil from which there is no escape. If you are abroad, the distance is generally too great to give you a chance of eluding the hands of the local Sangrado. If you are staying in a country house, there is always some favourite apothecary whom the family have patronized, and whose abilities it is therefore part of their state and dignity to uphold. As a man and a guest, you cannot do less than send for him. You might almost as well depreciate your host's wine, or cast a doubt on the healthiness of the locality in which he lives, as decline to be murdered by his doctor. Generally, you have not more than a moment to decide; for his officious hospitality has brought the messenger of death to your door, and your consent is only formally asked before he is let in. Once inside the threshold, he will secure his footing for himself. If you are recalcitrant to the rules of his art, and decline to take your chance of kill or cure in the proper form, his insulted skill has, at least, resources enough to tame your stubborn will. It is significant that the equivocal name "leech" has been conferred in common upon the human and the reptilian practitioner; and if you were abroad, you would realize its meaning to the letter. The fatal Continental lancet, which has robbed Italy of her deliverer and Europe of its brightest ornament, has sent many an English traveller home to an early grave or lifelong disease. In England you have no such fate to fear. Even the country doctor has, in most places, got beyond the lancet. If, in any desolate part of the country, you should fall into the hands of some very antiquated specimen who should dare to propose it to you, it is generally a safe rule to summon up all your remaining powers for the purpose of pitching him out of window. But all the ends of blood-letting can be attained without breaking the skin. The system is alive in England, though this peculiar manifestation of it is extinct. The spirit which presided at Count Cavour's bedside is the informing spirit of the average English country doctor. He is proud of the power of his art, and is great at active measures. When he administers a few thumping doses of calomel and brings you to death's door, he experiences a feeling of pardonable exultation at being the possessor and recognised master of so potent a spell. He likes showing the astonished spectators how rapidly he can kill even the most violent disease; and if he should happen to kill you too in the operation, he regrets, of course, the untoward incident, but he does not regard it as any impeachment to the completeness of his triumph. Or perhaps he may have travelled a step beyond this stage. An unusual number of deaths occurring rather too close together, or a stray number of a medical treatise of recent date, may have diminished his faith in the omnipotence of calomel. In such a case, he probably does nothing; for the faith of his youth is gone, and there is nothing to fill its place. But this is probably the best extreme of the two. We have Sir Benjamin Brodie's authority for believing that, if a practitioner were to administer no other medicine than distilled water, the large majority of his patients would probably recover anyhow. As sincere admirers of natural death, we decidedly should be inclined, when we had

the choice, to set aside the country doctor who kills you in favour of the country doctor who lets you die.

Considering that all mankind cannot at all seasons live in London, the natural history of the country doctor is a subject for melancholy reflection. But there is nothing to be wondered at in it. It is another illustration of the great truths of Free-trade—of the absolute necessity of competition as an intellectual and moral tonic. The country doctor is apt to be unskilful, for the same reason that the country parson is apt to be dull. They have all the sickness of protected interests. They enjoy an almost absolute monopoly, and have little to fear from failure. Medical etiquette is a powerful tyranny, as every one knows who has ever reflected on the best mode of dismissing a bad doctor and securing a good one in his stead. The districts of the country practitioner are minutely mapped out and rigidly preserved. Within its limits he claims the sole right to purge, blister, and destroy. Any poacher on the manor would fare as badly among his medical brethren as a clergyman who was given to field-preaching in his neighbour's parish would fare at a clerical meeting. Indeed, the temptations to intrusion are seldom very great. The doctor in possession is entrenched behind a strong "connexion," which yields as little to the inroads of time as other rural habits and traditions. His virtues are almost an article of faith with his legitimate patients. Brandishing your doctor's merits in your visitor's face, and submitting while the same is done to you, is a favourite resource for beguiling the ceremony of a country morning call. A true rustic freeholder, not corrupted by town ideas, would as soon think of disloyalty to his doctor as of infidelity to his family pew. Of course these securities do not absolutely exclude poachers; and where new comers are increasing in a neighbourhood, they make their appearance to share the spoil. But it reduces infinitely the fear and the spur of competition. There is none of that keen rivalry which in London does not suffer the doctor to flag for a moment in his efforts to keep foremost in the race of science. The country doctor must no doubt consult the humours of his clients; but they are easily ascertained, and not hard to gratify. When they are in health, or only moderately invalid, the remedy they most affect is gossip, administered in copious doses, and exhibited in a pungent, and sometimes even in an acrid form. When they are more seriously ill, the one thing they insist upon is good drastic treatment. Gentle measures they are inclined to resent as an imputation on their bodily vigour. They have a good deal of the Abana and Pharpar philosophy in their composition, and will not believe they have been effectually cured until they have been very nearly disembowelled. Then they have generally attachments and antipathies among the drugs—looking upon some medicine with a sort of pride of ownership, because it once cured them in some totally different disease, and looking upon some other as a personal enemy, because it at once disagreed with them when, in a condition of perfect health, they prescribed it to themselves. All these caprices the doctor must study with care. Even if it be not necessary to keep competition at bay, it helps to multiply the occasions in which a patient thinks his presence indispensable. In fact, his duties would not form a bad introduction to a diplomatic career. If every unpaid *attaché* were forced to serve his preliminary years in the capacity of a country doctor, they would be unequalled in dealing with those too numerous Courts where elderly women bear sway. But of medical science he never has occasion to add to the slender stock which as a lad he brought with him into the country.

Of course, the censure of any class must be subject to large qualifications. There are many country doctors who are recognised as equals by the best practitioners in London. There will always be a few choice spirits who do not rest in isolation, who do not flag for want of competition, who can keep pace with the altering requirements of their age in spite of the disadvantages of a narrow sphere of observation. We will treat each of our readers to assume that their own particular pet is meant to be included in the exception. Still it is a pity, in these days of extended medical organization, that something is not done to neutralize the deteriorating influences which drag the average country doctor down so low. The folly of patients may be irremediable, but the isolation and the want of a varied experience might be cured. Something might be done by the extension of the hospital system which has worked such wonders for the medical profession in our great towns. Is it absolutely necessary that every wretched rustic who tumbles backwards off a ladder, or leaves one of his limbs behind in a saw-mill or a chaff-cutter, should inaugurate the process of cure by a dozen miles' jolt in a neighbour's cart to the county infirmary? Might it not be possible to establish hospitals on a small scale in the smaller market towns, and so to diffuse more widely the advantages which they confer both on patient and doctor? Such a movement could only proceed from those whose constant residence in the country would make them the chief gainers by it. If it could be set on foot, it would go far to diminish one of the chief drawbacks on rural seclusion which, in moments of sudden anxiety, or under the pressure of sorrow that might have been averted, has been often and bitterly felt.

DARTMOOR.

WE wish some one would exactly define for us the difference between a hill and a mountain. It sometimes strikes us that the difference is more geographical than anything else.

There are mountains in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and also in Cumberland and Westmoreland, but the rest of England is only allowed to have hills. Yet there are plenty of points in not a few English counties a good deal higher than many which pass muster as mountains on the other side of the Wye. The Malvern Hills, for instance, far exceed, both in height and in outline, many things which are called mountains in Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire. Malvern is a strong case, because we always fancy that outline has as much to do with the difference as mere height; and it is indisputable that the outline of the Malvern range is incomparably more striking than the outline of Plinlimmon. Here are real, distinct mountains, which yet nobody calls mountains. The Cotswolds and Mendips have less claim, though there is much of the mountain character in their slopes and detached projections. The Mendips, indeed, are altogether deceivers. You see a bold wall of hills, in some parts assuming really grand outlines; you climb up, expecting a grand view on the other side, and find instead that, like Jack and the Beanstalk, you have got into another world. There are some miles of dull country to cross before you come down again. Not that Mendip has to yield to any hills or mountains in another way. The pass of Cheddar is an object which, if it were a thousand miles off, people would go and see, but which, being in merry England, is little known beyond its own neighbourhood. The Cotswolds, again, have as bold slopes as can be wished for; but at the top is another dull, ugly range of country, from which you seem never to come down again. The slopes, indeed, of Cotswold are far more effective than the slopes of Mendip. The sides are steeper, —too steep indeed for cultivation—which gives much more of the mountain character. Indeed, in what we may call the projecting bastions and outlying forts of that grand range, the genuine mountain feeling—the wildness and lack of culture, combined with boldness of outline—is often found on a singularly small scale. The town of Dursley lies among a cluster of hills which might fairly pass for a miniature of the mountains round Abergavenny. The positive height is quite small, the highest points hardly surpassing 700 feet; but, from the position, not an inch is lost, and the effect certainly beats many things which are much higher. The isolated hills on the plains of Somersetshire are essentially hills. Brent Knoll, which divides the famous polemics, Denison and Ditcher, figures in William of Malmesbury as "Mons Ranarum;" but, striking object as it is, no one would in English call it a mountain. Glastonbury Tor alone rises conspicuously enough above its fellows to have the faintest claim to the loftier title. But the western parts of Somersetshire, the noble heights above Dunster, are essentially mountainous; and every one would call them mountains if they were north instead of south of the Bristol Channel. But over this country we will take a sudden leap to one of the wildest regions in England—the high and desolate land of Dartmoor.

Dartmoor, the hill-country of central Devon, is a large district, and one of which we are very far from pretending to have seen the whole. When mile after mile of utter desolation stretches in every direction, it is not very easy to see the whole. The only way, we suspect, would be to take a train of mules and a tent, and to go about in a sort of nomad fashion. Let no man, at all events, be so rash as to try to cross Dartmoor in any sort of carriage. This we were once, in our ignorance of the land, beguiled into attempting. Two men, with a small carriage and a pony, set forth to make their way from Bovy Tracy to Tavistock. "The way was long," and, albeit the month was June, "the way was cold" also. On the top of Dartmoor the changes of the seasons seemed to have comparatively little effect. We well remember coming down into Tavistock on a bright sunny morning, and being welcomed by the waiter with "Very warm day to-day, gentlemen." "Very warm here," we answered, "but cold enough an hour or two back on the top of the hills." In coming off Dartmoor into Tavistock we had, in fact, come down from December into June. As for the carriage and the pony, they were soon found to be of little use except to carry our baggage. Mercy required that one half of the road should be walked up, and safety that the other half should be walked down. The only exception was that, in some of the steepest places, one of the deluded pair was obliged to keep his seat to act as a sort of drag. In this sort we went on and on, and were glad to get a night's lodging at a little tumble-down inn, frequented by anglers. One bed and a sofa were to be had, and he who had the bed had the worst of it, the upper chamber being thickly inhabited by rats, from which the lower was free. The next morning, after a shivering drive and walk of some hours, we came down, as aforesaid, into the warm land of Tavistock.

Since then, we have made several visits to different parts of the moor, but always either on foot or on horseback. By staying at neighbouring villages, and making long circuits on foot, many of the best points may easily be seen. Some of the villages themselves stand very high. Manaton, for instance, which is not the highest, is said to be something like 1000 or 1100 feet above the sea—that is, higher than many "mountains" in other places. The ascents, though long, are, if you know how to choose your way, not particularly steep, and the ground at the different levels is very much broken; so that you have ascent, descent, and level ground mingled together at various heights. The granite formation gives Dartmoor a great advantage over the limestone of Mendip in everything except those grand chasms to which Dartmoor, as far as we know, has no rival. First of all, it allows the

streams to run down the hill-sides, while in Mendip the water percolates and comes out through the caves at the bottom. Everywhere on the sides of Dartmoor the traveller is refreshed by the sight and sound of rushing brooks dashing over the rocks, and at once inviting to a bath. On Mendip, on the other hand, even the pass of Cheddar is without a drop of water; the stream comes forth from one of the caves at the bottom. The Axe, again, comes from the huge recess called Wookey Hole—

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man—

but the neighbouring rocky pass of Ebber is without the smallest rivulet. The granite of Dartmoor lies about in huge masses, as if placed ready as the raw material for the cromlechs, circles, and other primeval remains with which the region abounds; or it rises in grotesque shapes which those who mistake cromlechs for Druidical altars might easily mistake for Druidical idols. Above all soar, here and there, the sharp peaks known locally as Tors—a fact which we wish strongly to impress upon the world, as the popular mind is slow in believing that Glastonbury Tor means the hill itself, and not St. Michael's Tower on the top of it. The top of the hills, the moor itself, is, as a general rule, utterly desolate, and in many parts swampy. Here and there a depression of the ground allows of a cultivated valley; in one or two places there are mines of no great extent; and in one place there is a prison, round which a sort of village, called Prince's Town, has gathered. We have no objection to the worst criminals being sent there; but if, as we have heard, it was originally built for prisoners of war, we cannot but think it was rather hard measure even for revolutionary Frenchmen. Nay, in one of the wildest parts, we passed by something which, in the twilight, looked like a park gate and lodge, and on asking what it meant—opportunities of asking anything are not common on Dartmoor—we heard that it was 'Squire somebody's place, only he lived at Liverpool.' We did not feel clear that, if we had a place on Dartmoor, we should live at Liverpool; but we thought that certainly the strongest believer in landlords' duties as balancing landlords' rights might forgive absenteeism in one who found his patrimony in a land where June does not palpably differ from December.

Still, though we should not like to live on Dartmoor, it is a glorious place to visit when one lives elsewhere. Since our first journey, we have found that a warm day does make some difference on some parts at least of so wide a district, and that a clear day makes a greater difference still. It is indeed worth going much further than Dartmoor to enjoy the look-out from some of the high points above Manaton and Widdyeombe. Around you is the bleak moor, rising here and there into its sharp Tors; below, the mountain-sides sloping down to the low country, itself everywhere broken up by lesser hills; far away, the long sweep of the Devon and Dorset coast, set thick with lively watering-places; the English Channel, blue, not muddy like its Bristol brother, and, stretching till sight quite fails, the white cliffs of Portland. Few things can be finer than the distant sea—the distance, in fact, is the charm—lighted up by a full moon, as we have sometimes seen it, if not from the moor itself, at least from the not much lower points around it. So much for the moor itself. The slopes of the hills are in many places broken into beautiful combs, thickly wooded, and always watered by the torrents which are so characteristic of the country. And besides natural beauties, nowhere is there a richer store for the antiquary. Not, indeed, in the mediæval line—Devonshire is not rich in churches. When some four or five very fine ones—Exeter, Ottery, and so forth—are exhausted, the parish churches are mostly unattractive. They are commonly weak reproductions of their grand neighbours in Somersetshire, and therefore are really less interesting than the often rude, but always vigorous and picturesque buildings of South Wales. The churches round Dartmoor are built of the local granite, which is not at all adapted for fine work; yet something in the way of moulding is commonly attempted, only to produce an effect of failure much more displeasing than total rudeness. At Widdyeombe, a village placed in a sort of nest among the hills, the difficulty has somehow been overcome better than usual, and the church tower is, for that country, really a fine structure. It is a wild place enough, but the village green, with the church, the lich-gate, the stump of the cross, and an old hospital hard by, would make a good picture. But generally the buildings are poor. A barn—originally, we think, a house—not far from Manaton, where the walls only were of granite, and the door-jambs and window-tracery were made of wood, struck us as something far better than the common run of the churches, being a really clever adaptation to the circumstances of the country.

But if Dartmoor has little to show in the way of mediæval architecture, it has everything to show in the way of primeval antiquities. Pembrokeshire itself is not a richer field. There is at least one perfect cromlech, besides cairns and barrows (which may probably contain cromlechs), circles, walls, and ditches innumerable. Grim's Pound, which we reached from Manaton, is well known to antiquaries, and all the hill-sides near it are covered with remains of the same kind. The foundations of the circular houses are more perfect than usual, and in some of the surrounding walls there is a nearer approach to something worthy to be called building than we remember to have seen in any other monument of the kind. Here is an infinite field for speculation. Who built these ancient towns?—for the

collection of circles on Dartmoor may fairly be called so. What was their date, race, and language? What was their manner of life? The size of some of these inclosures looks as if they were designed to receive cattle. If so, their inhabitants had taken the first step in the march of civilization, and had risen from the state of hunters to that of shepherds. Again, were they permanent dwellings, or merely cities of refuge in times of danger? That such remains are now only found on barren hill-tops does not prove that they never existed anywhere else, because it is only on barren hill-tops that they had any chance of being preserved. But on the other hand, it should be remembered that when the choice lay between a barren hill-top and a virgin forest, the barren hill-top, which required no clearing, may well have seemed the better site of the two. They may thus be the first settlements of a people too barbarous to occupy the plains, or they may be the last strongholds of a people driven from the plain to the mountain by invading enemies. These questions are not answered by using the words "British" and "Druidical"—words which are commonly mere euphemisms for ignorance. To call cromlechs, standing-stones, circles, knives, axes, &c., "Druidical," involves two theories—first, that the objects are Cymrian in origin; secondly, that they are religious in their purpose. That these objects are Cymrian would be hard to prove—sometimes it is much easier to disprove. That, being Cymrian, they are therefore necessarily "Druidical," is exactly the same error as to suppose that every mediæval building is necessarily a church or a monastery. The talk of the Celtic antiquaries on these matters is commonly the merest rubbish. The system of the Scandinavian antiquaries is clear, elaborate, and fits exactly—only now and then it strikes us as being almost too clear and too exactly fitting. The Scandinavian antiquaries have destroyed much error and discovered much truth; our only doubt is whether so perfectly elegant and plain a system can be true in all its details. A really English school of primeval inquirers would be a great gain. Let them begin with Dartmoor, and if they wish, in the jargon of the day, to "inaugurate" their doings with a "demonstration," they may choose the time when the heather is next burnt, and may throw on a few odd volumes of Celtic antiquities to feed, or to check the flame.

THE FRENCH ARMY.

THE French army has lately undergone a double transformation. Its traditions had to be changed—its system of tactics had to be remodelled: and these changes have been partially accomplished. An army must have traditions. They are essential to the existence of that moral power—that *esprit de corps*—without which neither discipline can be maintained nor success achieved. That heterogeneous mass of armed men called "an army" must be bound together by some common tie which may give unity to their aspirations and an interest in each other's fortune. The cowardice of one man should be felt as the cowardice of all. The victory of one regiment should be regarded as the victory of all. Common dangers and common glories are the means which in every age have been found effectual to create this feeling. Nor is the history of the French army any exception to the general rule. But this is not enough. Ambitious sovereigns have more selfish aims. An army must not only be animated by one spirit, but that spirit must be subservient to the interest of some dynasty. The great Napoleon would not have been satisfied with the victories of Austerlitz and Jena unless at the same time he had succeeded in attaching to his person and to his family the soldiers who won them. The restored Bourbons followed his example, but with indifferent success. The military promenade into Spain, as it has been called, was calculated neither to obliterate old traditions nor to create new ones. Under the Bourbon régime, therefore, the French army continued Bonapartist, and saw Charles X. fall without a pang. His successor recognised the evil, and endeavoured to supply a remedy. A new field of military distinction was found in Algeria. A new enemy was encountered by a reorganized army. The old traditions of the Empire were carefully kept out of sight. The old race of soldiers gradually disappeared, and the glories of Marengo and Lodi were replaced by those of Constantine and Isly. In short, an Orleanist army was created, devoted to the stability of the dynasty whose princes had shared in the dangers of the African wars, and to whom such men as Bugeaud and Lamoricière owed their promotion. Nor is it to be doubted that if, in 1848, the troops had been handled with the determination which the circumstances required, the Orleans dynasty might still have ruled the destinies of France. But that dynasty fell, and after a brief space Louis Napoleon reigned in its stead. It now became his duty to eradicate the Orleanist spirit and to substitute for it something else. He seems to have thought that to revive the traditions of the old Empire was practically impossible. He therefore determined to select a new field of military glory. This is the true key to the Crimean expedition and the English alliance. A victory over the Russians would not merely extinguish the disgrace of Moscow, but the co-operation of the English army would render success far less problematical. But although the fall of Sebastopol eclipsed the glories of Algeria, the Emperor himself had done nothing to merit the name of a soldier. Compelled for a time to abandon the design of placing himself at the head of his

army in the Crimea, his resolution to take the field remained unshaken. And at length, in the plains of Lombardy, he was permitted to gratify his wish, and to win two victories over the Austrians. Thus has Louis Napoleon succeeded, not only in changing the current of the military traditions of the French army from Algeria to Europe, but in connecting himself personally with some of the most memorable achievements of the time. Nor is this all. Since his accession to power, he has not only carefully obliterated the favoured corps, such as the Chasseurs de Vincennes, which owed their origin to his rivals, the Orléanist Princes, but he has changed the dress of the men, remodelled the system of military evolutions, and greatly improved the pecuniary position both of the officers and the common soldiers. Thirteen years is a considerable period in the life of an army. And the probability is that no small progress has now been made in inculcating the French army with that Napoleonic spirit which is relied upon to serve the present dynasty in the hour of danger. How far the policy which we have endeavoured to indicate may have succeeded is extremely doubtful. It is enough for our present purpose to have pointed out the character of that policy, and the means by which the present Emperor has endeavoured to carry it into effect.

But there are other changes in the French army which deserve notice. They chiefly concern the soldier and the system of tactics to be practised in face of the enemy. In the first place, it appears that up to the year 1848 very few soldiers re-enlisted. The consequence was that the French army was chiefly composed of young soldiers—many of them inexperienced recruits. The value of old soldiers it is unnecessary to dilate upon. At this very moment the Americans furnish a most striking illustration of the axiom. But the experience of the Crimean and Italian campaigns furnished forcible proofs of its truth. It has been the object of the French Emperor to remedy this defect, and various means have been used for the purpose. Thus the price of a substitute is now not less than 2000 francs; after twenty-five years a soldier becomes entitled to a pension; and even after twenty years the probability is that a soldier who has served so long will be entitled to 600 or 700 francs a-year. The result is, that the military is now a favourite profession in France, that a superior class of men enter the French army, and that the majority of that army is composed of experienced soldiers. In other words, the material of the French army is enormously improved. The men are capable not only of doing more work, but of executing manœuvres which without long training would be impossible.

The truth is, that without some considerable improvement in the common soldiers, the other changes which have been introduced would have been impracticable. When Napoleon I. began his career, it was found necessary to act in masses. The Republicans of those days had enthusiasm, but no discipline. The Austrians and Germans opposed to them had been drilled according to the strict system of the Great Frederick. And it was found by the French that practically the best mode of succeeding with raw levies against those stiff lines was by launching a solid mass against them. But this system is no longer possible. The effect of the new fire-arms is so deadly, and the distance from which they take effect is so great, that the attack by masses is out of the question. The only remedy is to diminish the depth of the masses and to accelerate the advance. Accordingly, it appears that in the manœuvres at Chalons the line was only two deep, and that slow time is abolished. The ordinary pace now is 77 steps to the minute, or 110 when the pace is at the double. By the new regulations which have been issued only a few months ago, the attack will be made in such a way as to expose as few men as possible to the effects of a single bullet; and the time during which the advancing line will be exposed to the enemy's fire will be reduced to the shortest possible period. It is obvious, however, that evolutions conducted upon these principles can only be performed by experienced and intelligent soldiers. An hour with the Volunteers will demonstrate what a vast difference there is between a movement made in slow time and at the double; and the history of modern war proves that a line two-deep requires both experienced and stalwart troops. But the movements of the soldier having been accelerated, some change in the dress was required. Accordingly, the old trousers and tight coat have been superseded, and in their place has been substituted an easy costume consisting of Zouave breeches, leathern leggings, and white linen gaiters. It is only necessary to add that all the men are armed with rifles, and that all complicated evolutions are abolished.

With respect to cavalry, it does not very clearly appear that any great changes have been made in the way of manœuvring them. According to those who have visited the camp at Chalons, much attention is bestowed upon the instruction of the men individually so as to enable them to ride better, and both the accoutrements and horses have shared in the improvement. The probability is that the arms of precision will not necessitate such changes in cavalry as in infantry tactics. The attempt to use cavalry for the purpose of attacking an unbroken line of infantry must continue still to be a grave mistake. As it was half a century ago, so it is now. The legitimate uses of cavalry are to attack cavalry—or to attack infantry in disorder—or to attack half-disciplined levies—or to attack troops in a state of demoralization—besides, of course, the part which they have to play in outpost and escort duties. It is obvious, therefore, that the

attacks of cavalry when legitimately made have little or nothing to do with the effect of fire-arms—such attacks being made against bodies so formed and so acting as to be incapable of delivering a steady fire upon cavalry advancing at full charge. Many are the disasters which have befallen great generals by neglecting the true principles upon which cavalry should be used. Nor is there anything in the new arms of precision which should affect the application of these principles.

Whether the changes introduced by the Duke of Magenta will do much to diminish the deadly effect of the new arms upon the advancing line it would be hazardous to predict. But assuming these changes to be ever so successful, it is still apparent that the attacking force is now at a terrible disadvantage. In the first place, the range of the new guns will necessitate the distance between the two opposing bodies before the attack being considerably increased; and therefore the accelerated speed of the advance will barely make up for this increased distance. Again, if the defending party covers his front with slight earth works, he will effectually protect himself from damage; whilst the fire of the defenders will be so formidable as almost to annihilate the advancing lines of the attacking force. It may still be possible to attack in the night, or to turn the position, or to work up to the defenders as to a fortress. But all these attempts are more or less hazardous. Upon the whole, therefore, it may be assumed that, in consequence of the great improvements in fire-arms, the defence of positions becomes much easier, and the task of the assailant much more formidable. Nor is such a result unimportant to mankind. For the more difficult it is for one State to overrun another, the more perilous must war be for an aggressor, and therefore the more security will there be for the permanent peace of the world.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE CHANNEL.

IT was the remark of an experienced teacher, that he gained more insight into the character of his pupils from observing them in the playground than during school-hours. The same thing might be said of nations. National amusements are often a more delicate index to character than serious pursuits or public policy. We have been called, on high authority, a "nation of shopkeepers." We are said to follow a selfish insular policy. How essentially superficial are these dicta, which deal with us only in an assumed or professional capacity, but do not pretend to touch the real stuff that lies below! To those who found their estimate of us on such assertions, we must be content to remain a mystery. "A nation of cricketers" would have been as logical a definition as that in which we stand photographed by Napoleon; and, if the Continental mind could grasp the principles of the game, a much more pregnant one. "A nation of fox-hunters" would be equally expressive; for of such there are certain leading qualities which might be safely predicated. But let us turn from ourselves to our neighbours. There is very little knowledge of French character to be gained from the despatches of M. Thouvenel. We do not feel any better acquainted with their disposition or ways of thinking when we are told the French policy is so-and-so. But in their amusements and the manner of indulging in them, the national character is unerringly reflected. In the theatres, on the Boulevards, in the Champs Elysées, at Dieppe and Trouville, we see them as they really are—men with like passions with ourselves, but a marked idiosyncrasy of their own. Of the European family, the nation which least admits of being identified by its sports (for the reason perhaps that, in the way in which we understand the term, it has none) is the German. They have their amusements, but they are usually of a sentimental or philosophical kind. While England and France are like schoolboys at their robust sports or games of skill, Germany is the queer dreamy lad who prefers to stay in and read Kant, and puzzle his brains with speculations about the Absolute Ego or the Eternal One.

The French are never more emphatically themselves than at the sea-side. The bathing of the human body is a simple operation, but how differently is it managed on the two sides of the Channel! Instead of the few straggling machines which are the sole accommodation of the average English watering-place, a visitor to Dieppe will find himself in the midst of a complicated and elaborate organization. Sea-bathing is erected into a perfect system. The centre and focus of the whole is the *Etablissement des Bains*. This institution is of a very composite nature. In it are represented all the elements of the daily recreation of a Frenchman. It provides for all his wants, supplying him with his coffee, his cigar, his music, his billiards, his dance, his *petite société*. In fact, it is an epitome of Paris, to which he gains admission on payment of a very moderate sum. But the organizing genius of the French nation is chiefly displayed in the ceremonial by which the act of bathing is attended. It is, in the first place, an act of much more importance than we think it in England—an act of a remedial or medicinal character, not to be engaged in without due consideration and advice. With us it is usually regarded as one of the ordinary incidents of a sea-side residence. Suppose a visitor to the coast of France, who takes this view of it, desirous of a morning bath. He will find a succession of obstacles—which he will probably think vexatious and petty—interposed between him and his swim. There are so many distinct stages in the machinery of the bath. First, he will find himself in the position he usually occupies while in the French

dominions—at the tail of a *queue* at the door of a bureau. In course of time, he will find himself fumbling a franc in the presence of an impassive but evidently contemptuous official. From him he will receive, so soon as an imperfect acquaintance with the French coinage will permit, his *congé* and a ticket. The latter he will present to a second official—probably of the female sex—who will cast a hasty glance at his size and shape, and present him with towels and the minimum of clothing, combined with the maximum of colour, which Gallic law prescribes to bathers. Thus equipped, he will pass to an inner portion of the enclosure. Here he will find several rows of huts, resembling in character the boxes in which the sentries keep guard at the door of the British Museum. In one of these, it will be intimated to him he is to undress. That operation complete, he sallies forth along a succession of slippery planks that conduct to the water's edge, being joined in the semi-nude procession by an old militiaire with white moustache, an abbé, and several members of the Jockey Club. It is difficult to describe the emotions of a British subject—say of middle age and grave manners, ornament of the Bar or Church—when he finds himself at midday arrayed in parti-coloured drawers and gambolling in shallow water to the tune of the market chorus in *Massaniello*, which the orchestra is thundering overhead. He has an uneasy sense of figuring in an indecent masquerade, or of having unawares joined a party of acrobats. The splash and jabber around remind him of pictures of Sandwich Islanders, and he almost feels as if the fate of Cook awaited him at their hands. Suddenly a thought of horror rushes into his mind. What if there should be on the shore any keen-eyed friend watching his eccentric proceeding? What if his form be recognised by the satirical brother barrister, always on the look-out for the manufacture of fun for the circuit mess, or the dissenting parishioner who gave him so much trouble last year about Church-rates? No sooner is he out of the water, than a fresh cause of embarrassment arises. The sentry-box in which his clothes are deposited is one of a row of precisely similar erections. He finds himself in the predicament of the thieves when the cunning Morgiana had chalked all the doors in the street with the same uniform mark. On reflection, he is sure his clothes are deposited either in *numero dix-huit* or *numero vingt-et-un*. *Dix-huit*, on his giving the door a confident push, grows out an elongated *sacré*. *Vingt-et-un*, to his joy, is empty, and he is just proceeding with his toilet, when a downward glance discloses to his view a garb of a character and cut quite at variance with his own sober taste in dress. Out he darts, and in despair, shouts for a *baigneur*, whose valuable time he is consuming by a confused recital of his distress, when that official cuts him short by a gesture of contempt, and opening the door of the very sentry-box outside which he is standing reveals to his gaze the watch of his affections ticking over his well-known travelling-suit.

Probably, as he dresses, the thought crosses his mind, how much better we manage these things in England, where one can have the luxury of a bath without all this trouble and fuss. The love of organization in the French character, of which he has just had troublesome experience, is certainly irksome to most Englishmen, who strongly object to make a toil of a pleasure. On the other hand, it must be admitted that in our relaxations we often carry our passion for independence, and what M. Kossuth calls individuality, to a ludicrous extreme. Among other things, the aspect of an English watering-place indicates this. A *triste* air hangs over it, which a Frenchman finds intolerable. We enjoy ourselves after a certain morose fashion, riding or walking in directions where we are least likely to meet an acquaintance; and when we venture into public, it is only to read the *Times* with an expression of face calculated to repel all advances. There never was a more impossible task than that assigned, in old-fashioned watering-places, to the local master of the ceremonies. His function was to endeavour to induce the Briton temporarily to unbend, and through the medium of some common amusement to make Jones acquainted with Smith, and both with Robinson. But there is no concurrence on the part of the fortuitous atoms that crowd to the coast every autumn. Their main object is to see as little as possible of each other. The notion of a common drawing-room, which is what a foreign *Etablissement* provides, would be rejected with unanimous horror. It would be difficult to say in what the pleasure of an English watering-place consists. Fathers and brothers generally speak of a visit to one as a kind of purgatory which they undergo for the sake of their female relatives previously to entering their paradise of turnip-fields on the 1st of September. They may be seen at windows with noses flattened and eyes dreamily fixed on the sea, now and then lazily handling a telescope, or mechanically counting the ships that pass. In the *ennui* which consumes them, the movements of their neighbours are narrowly scrutinized. They watch them in and out, and gloomily speculate as to where they come from, and how long they mean to stay. Should chance throw a bride and bridegroom in their way, they are regarded as a positive godsend, from the lively interest which all their proceedings excite. Of course, there is a circulating library, with a specialty for well-thumbed novels of fashionable life. The books which were voted unreadably dull, when had from Mudie's or Booth's in the spring, are quite palatable at the sea-side, and indeed suit the general atmosphere of dulness which hangs around. Paterfamilias is glad to vary the monotony of his life by a little marketing. The return of the fishing-boats is one of the most exciting incidents of the day. He may even be seen on the sands bargaining for soles and

lobsters. Now is the time when he acquires a smattering of the principles of domestic economy. In the purely passive state of his intellect the price of mutton assumes gigantic proportions. Having nothing else to do, he takes to meddling in matters which he had far better leave alone; and having come for the benefit of sea-bathing, probably ends by getting metaphorically into hot water.

All this does not look much like pleasure. An unprejudiced observer from a neutral country would hardly doubt which side of the Channel appeared the liveliest. It is hardly fair, however, in a comparison of national amusements, to pit Westbourne-super-Mare, with its three machines and desolate parade, against any of its sparkling rivals across the Channel. The watering-place is so much more to the Frenchman than it is to us that we may well afford to let him carry off the palm as a superior caterer of sea-side enjoyment. When an Englishman is in the mood for active pleasure, he usually finds it in cricket, shooting, or the hunting-field. These are sports which he thinks it worth his while to organize. But at the sea-side he leaves all to hap-hazard; consequently, his stay there may be pleasant, moderately pleasant, dull, or very dull. Begging his pardon, this is a mistake. Without bringing his billiard-table to the water's-edge, or engaging an orchestra to fiddle him into his morning bath, he might greatly add to the enjoyment which he and his family annually derive from the sea-breeze if he would be guided by a few simple principles in making his vacation arrangements. He is very unlucky if he cannot, by a little previous ventilation of plans, secure for himself the benefit of agreeable company. A few well-chosen friends of similar tastes are the best preventive of *ennui*, and should be a *sine quâ non* to whatever coast he turns his steps. In the interest of his mental constitution, we venture to make another suggestion. Instead of addicting himself, with unnatural voracity, to a course of bad novels—most wearisome and depressing to the spirits—let him bring with him a few books really worth reading. The books, like the friends, must be well selected—not too ponderous nor too trivial, not all prose nor all poetry. We have not space to enlarge upon the principles by which the selection should be guided. Enough has been said to expose us to the vengeance of all marine librarians.

CUI BONO?

IT has been said by the historians of religion that Christianity, or some such reform, was a natural development of the human mind—that humanity was sick at heart—that all the old morality and the old social system was so thoroughly worn out that it must needs be that a newer and better life would develop itself spontaneously from the existing corruption. The Gospel itself speaks of its special appearance in the fulness of time. St. Paul argues, from the general corruption of the Gentile world, the peculiar fittingness of Christianity to the common and experienced wants of man. The fulness of time synchronized with the completeness of decay. The whole creation, or every creature, groaning and travailing with pain, is no exaggerated statement of the facts of the case. And yet civilization had long been at work. Art, science, letters, intellectual cultivation, had made numerous conquests and were daily extending their domain. There was at least one dominant centre of authority. Greece had shown what cultivation could do; Rome was exhibiting something more than an image of power; and yet all was hollow and unsatisfactory. No real advance had been made. The whole social system was utterly corrupt. Christianity introduced new ideas, new responsibilities, new duties, new sanctions, new aids; and yet, at the present moment, judging from such shrieks of despair as the meeting of the Social Science delegates implies, we are all in want of a new moral system. It would be most unfair to charge Christianity with being a failure, for it seems often to be forgotten that Christianity certainly gave no promise of ameliorating all the evils of humanity. It even prophesied its own failure, if we are to use the word failure at all. The awful question, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith upon the earth?" is at least an intimation that the universal success of the Gospel is to be postponed till a state of things ensues which is not the present. The question then arises—If religion has not changed the whole moral nature of man, and if Christianity did not propose to itself to eradicate crime and evil, how do we stand at the present moment? What does human progress amount to? What comes of all our attempts to improve mankind? The necessity which gathers social philosophers together suggests to us to review our progress and prospects.

We do not often dare to take the actual stock of our current social state. And when we go into the matter at all, it is far pleasanter to dwell upon the signs of hope than on the results of all that we are doing. It may be said that the first substantial advance of our age is that we know our wants—that a vast many people feel that in every department of life everything is wrong—and that even this is a great thing. Certainly this is what the Social Science Society means. It is only a vague cry of helplessness, and a general undefined sense of uneasiness, taking shape and body in amiable talkers, in a dinner, a congress, and speeches. What such a meeting teaches others is, that everybody feels that everything is wrong, and that nobody has yet hit upon the right way of mending anything. This is a sufficiently serious admission—though perhaps the members of the various sections hardly appreciate the full significance of their own existence. All honour to them that they feel that the

times are out of joint. Even the vagueness of aim and purpose which their debates and essays and schemes display, though it incurs reasonable criticism, suggests serious reflections. Religion, law, politics, education, the condition of women, the mutual relations of classes, the security of property, the prevention of crime, the statistics of disease, poverty, and sin, the laws which regulate health, sanity of mind and body, and temperance—all these things are treated, if not as open questions, yet as matters upon which everything is to be done, and much to be discovered, proved, and taught. This is the meaning of these Congresses; and a very pregnant meaning it is. Social science means the art of improving society; and both as to principles and details we have—so we are assured—almost everything to learn. In other words, religion has failed, law has failed, legislation has failed. The Church and the sects, Parliament and the Courts, civilization and the press, teachers and books, experience and theory, have laboured and are labouring in vain. All our philanthropy, all our charity, all our education, all our reverence for law, all authority and every existing set of motives, all our modern civilization, though they tell here and there, yet want something larger, stronger, more influential, to act with force and life on society. Is this so? The very existence of a body of people united to search out all the blots which disfigure, and to heal all the cankers which destroy our social state, is a strange phenomenon. And though we may have our doubts whether the remedy will be found by a Dublin Congress, that it is needed and sought in such a way is a strange phenomenon. It is a melancholy reflection that there is a good deal of truth in all this, and that much of our boasted progress is delusive. What distinguishes modern society is, that while it makes such enormous advances in some directions, it leaves certain portions of the great field of the world just as barren as before. In some places the land is even going out of cultivation. We hear, and we believe, that in some sense the general moral stratum of England is elevated, but certainly crime is not on the decrease; and this is the pinch of the case. Never was so much money spent on education and religion, and yet how little does it tell on society! We have seen a calculation that in this country alone 47,000*l.* a day is spent on religion and education; and on the same authority it has been stated that among ourselves in the last six hundred years nearly one thousand four hundred millions sterling have been spent on the endowment and support of the Christian Church. Much of such statistics must be conjectural; but that such a calculation has been made shows at least the magnitude of the means at work. Let anybody reckon the daily cost of churches, schools, law-courts, police-courts, poor-rates, home missions, Parliament, hospitals, charitable institutions in this country alone; and on the other side, let him estimate the crime, the vice, the poverty, the ignorance, the disease, and sin unchecked and uncured. What of the means, as measured with the end? What comes of it? *Cui bono* all that is done?

The very fact that the reformers of society meet at Dublin shows that, in their judgment, the whole body, heart and head, limbs and nerves, is sick and faint, and dislocated and unstrung. If the noblemen and gentlemen want a justification for their gathering, an ample one is not far to seek. Nobody can pretend that moral evil, or special crime, is on the decrease; and some persons think that in whole departments of social life new elements of evil are developing themselves, while many old virtues are passing from modern life. The whole world of trade and commerce has its own code of ethics. We do not say that every tradesman is a rogue; but it is unquestionable that very serious immoralities are all but universal in the present state of commerce. Servants, again, as a class, are vastly deteriorated, both in character and morality. It is generally felt that the marriage state and domestic life are not, as a whole, improving. While there is less actual poverty, there is more sordid vice in what are called the masses. Whatever civilization has done, it has not apparently diminished the sum of moral or physical evil. And what is true of private life is true of public life. The old evils have not been rooted out; and the modern remedies have produced their own peculiar forms of rottenness. Disease has taken new forms both in man and in States. The latest birth of time and the fairest development of constitutional freedom in a new world and under regenerated auspices, is exhibiting a spectacle of frenzy, folly, and political wickedness which, though it assumes a different form, is an outrage on all morality as bad as was ever perpetrated by an Alexander or a Genghis Khan. At this moment, every civilized nation, or rather the nations of the highest civilization, are spending more money on war, or on the appliances of war, than was ever dreamed of by any Oriental despot, and are sinning more against the light of truth, policy, and experience, than Cain the first murderer, and Nimrod the first hunter of men. There is not an element of old barbarism which has been obliterated, and it seems that new forms of evil have been developed.

We are not called upon to say, or to think, that the world is going to the bad; but we must join our Social Science reformers in asking, how is it that, with all our appliances and means, there is so little of real substantial advance? It is a very narrow view to say that our religion and our religious teachers are at fault. To do the Church and Churchmen justice, they at least acknowledge the universal failure. They try this and that—more churches, more schools, new doctrines, new preachers, new preachments, cheap parsons, short services, street sermons,

Palmerston bishops. But what comes of it? Much the same as comes of everybody else's shambling and groping in the dark. Certainly it affords no reason for apathy, and it does not require us to relax personal efforts to be convinced that very little is done, and that the machinery and driving-wheels are out of all proportion with the work turned out; but it is worth while now and then to remind ourselves, when we talk of Social Reform, what society actually is. Progress is a very pretty word, and rounds a leading article admirably; but the great cry of humanity is likely to utter the same mournful appeal till the consummation of the ages. The old problem which perplexed the Hebrew mind in the person of Job, and which, in the utterance of its wisest sage, pronounced the vanity of all things, is neither solved, nor likely to be solved, by things as they are.

FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.

"*De minimis non curat lex*" is a maxim worthy of observation no less in policy than in legislation, and it is one which free and constitutional Governments generally follow. English Foreign Ministers, it is true, have sometimes been a little too fond of the *Civis Romanus* style; yet it has not been the wont of our statesmen to interfere on behalf of any one who could not at least make out a good *prima facie* case of ill-treatment. But the unprincipled despotism now dominant in France, in this as in other respects, deems itself above the influence of anything so peaceable and old-fashioned as a precept of law; and while with one paternal hand it closes the Sèvres china factory against the House of Orleans, with the other it fans a tiny spark of mischief on the Swiss frontier, in the hope, if not of kindling a war, at any rate of robbing Switzerland during the confusion. A Swiss gendarme, carrying out a provision of Swiss law upon Swiss territory, even when his duty forces him to perform the awful deed of arresting a Frenchman, is surely not responsible because his French neighbours make an armed attack on him and his compatriots, in order to liberate by force the victim on whom he had dared to lay hands, and get well beaten for their pains. Still less is the Federal authority to blame because a French mob enters, armed, into Swiss territory, in order to assault Swiss officers, and has to be driven out again. Least of all can we conceive how the riot of August 25th is to be construed into a violation of French territory. French heads and limbs were no doubt damaged, and even lives were lost; but to the English mind this seems but the natural and richly-deserved reward of the rioters for their lawless conduct. We have heard of the fiction of international law, by which an ambassador, while resident in a foreign land, is supposed to be always on his native soil; but it is carrying the notion of extra-territoriality a trifle too far to say that an armed mob, entering a neighbouring country for purposes of violence, is still on its own territory, and that that territory is violated by their repulse. The Federal Council may well be at a loss to know what reply to make to this preposterous assumption of the French Government. Abject submission to wrong and robbery is as repugnant to them as it would be to us; and yet for Switzerland to defy the power of France would be as if a thoroughbred bull-dog were to set itself to fight a tiger. It is of course possible that the Frenchmen may not have been so entirely in the wrong as appears on the surface of the story; and if so, perhaps the Government of Berne may not be sorry to compromise the matter by acknowledging and compensating, even exorbitantly, any act of undue severity or casual injustice committed by their agents. But we must confess that *a priori* presumptions are in favour of the Swiss—or rather against the French. This is not the first time that a grievance against Switzerland has been cooked up by Imperial dexterity, always ready—as in the days of the Romans, and of Napoleon I.—to find grounds of quarrel against weak neighbours; or, if none can be found, to create them. There was an awkward story last summer of some noisy demonstrations against France, and in favour of Swiss nationality, at Thonon, after the annexation of Savoy; but that time the riot was prematurely checked by an unlucky French gendarme, who arrested the patriots, and found that they were all Frenchmen, acting the part, no doubt, at so much a day. What became of the unfortunate gendarme we never heard—probably, however, he was not promoted for his zeal. It is at least possible that the present quarrel is the contrivance of some sub-prefect, more ingenious or more lucky than his fellow-official last year at Thonon. And what if he did make a slight mistake in his calculations, and a few lives were lost beyond the estimate—is it not the glory of Frenchmen to die for the aggrandizement of France? What signifies a few lives, compared with the chance of annexing Geneva, or even of bullying Switzerland with impunity?

What may be the actual consequences of the quarrel it is difficult at this stage even to conjecture. Probably even Louis Napoleon will not dare to attack so weak a State as Switzerland on such a frivolous ground. But the alleged injury may be placed in reserve as one of the many black rabbits which Imperial logic knows so well how to combine into a black horse when the occasion is suitable. Meanwhile, everything in Switzerland shows how general is the expectation there of impending French aggression. The Federal Council has recently voted large loans for the construction of roads, entirely and avowedly for military purposes; and two of the four roads thus determined on, infinitely the most important in length and cost, are for the

defence of the Valais against the only Power which can attack it—the Power which now holds the south shore of the Lake of Geneva, and is thus within a league or two of the mouth of the Rhone and of the Simplon road. One of these new roads is to be carried over the Furka pass, at the head of the Rhone valley, thus connecting the Simplon and St. Gotthard roads. The other, still more difficult of construction and more expensive, is to cross the Sanetsch pass between Sion and Canton Berne. And it is a fact equally significant, that the Swiss Government has abandoned, at least for the present, in favour of the Sanetsch road now decided on, an easier road across the same chain long ago projected and partly completed, whose point of junction with the Simplon is below St. Maurice, the only place where the Rhone valley can be defended. The very manoeuvres of the troops, called out this summer for a fortnight of campaigning and sham fighting on a new and extended scale, were planned on the supposition that the enemy was invading the Valais; and though the scene of operations was no doubt chosen (and well chosen) mainly for the facilities offered by it for the disposal of separate columns, and their convergence at given spots, yet it seems as if the military authorities had selected for the sham warfare, by a happy accident, if not on purpose, the very ground on which the troops are most likely to be called upon to fight in earnest.

But it is needless to speculate on what is an obvious matter of fact. All classes in Switzerland, when they speak on the subject, speak in the same tone of distrust and dislike to France, and of respect and good-will for England. The Swiss, especially the hotel-keeping and guide classes, with whom travellers are most brought into contact, owe a great deal to the English, and what they say to Englishmen must, no doubt, be taken with many grains of allowance; but the evidence, such as it is, all points in one direction; and the first-rate guides, the most honest and intelligent men among the lower orders, are especially unanimous. "We were fools to believe the lies they told us," said a Chamounix guide, three weeks ago; "if we could vote again now, we would vote for anything rather than belonging to France." "I do not understand," said a Zermatt guide, last year, "why those Savoyards voted for belonging to France, and not to Switzerland; if we were obliged to change, we would belong to England." Almost any one of our readers, who has visited Switzerland this year or last, can supply instances of similar remarks. Swiss newspapers are usually of a very inferior stamp, and concern themselves mainly with domestic matters; but to this rule there is at least one exception. The *Journal de Genève* is conducted with remarkable ability, and treats of foreign affairs especially in a rational and statesmanlike tone to which very few even of English newspapers attain. And the burthen of its song is always the same—the French Empire is the worst enemy of freedom, and therefore of Switzerland. A series of articles has recently appeared in the *Journal de Genève*, giving a detailed report of the debate in the House of Commons on Mr. Kinglake's motion concerning the island of Sardinia, intermixed with comments on the speeches themselves and on the various topics suggested by them; and these remarks display an understanding of English history and feeling so extraordinary as almost to induce the belief that they were written by an Englishman, were it not for the genuine tone of Swiss patriotism that pervades them. With these views of the position and duties of England towards Europe generally, we have no present concern, nor with the conclusions drawn regarding Italy and her relations with France, just and wise as they are; but it is worth while to observe how the most enlightened exponent of Swiss national feeling persists in representing France as the most dangerous enemy, and England as the truest friend of Switzerland. "France annexed Savoy in spite of the opposition of Switzerland—so far we have the worst of the game; but which is the gainer in moral strength, Switzerland, whose protests are followed by these plain declarations of England in respect of Sardinia, a second Savoy—or France, whose fraudulent triumph has been paid for by incurring the hatred and distrust of all Europe, a price which must sooner or later cost her dear?" Such is the drift of the last article in the series of which we have spoken, and the question is not hard to answer. "It is unjust, and therefore it cannot last," said the Duke of Weimar, with no less courage than sagacity, of the tyranny of Napoleon I. Switzerland repeats the prophecy in reference to Napoleon III. with equal boldness, and, let us hope, with equal truth.

A BRITISH GOLD MINE.

AMONG the innumerable tourists in North Wales, few probably become aware that a gold mine in actual profitable working lies within a couple of miles of the route which they mostly traverse. The identical processes in which the capital and labour of so many energetic Englishmen have been absorbed in California and Australia may be witnessed by their friends who have remained at home, in the course of a short and easy tour. In one respect, indeed, this British gold-mine differs from other mines to which in the main it bears a strong resemblance. In California, water is in some mining districts so deficient that enough is barely found for the indispensable operation of washing the gold from the refuse with which it is intermixed. But in North Wales, as everybody knows, streams, large or small, descend through every valley, and consequently that country contains an amount of unapplied water-power which

the economist cannot behold without regret. Besides water, the thing most plentiful is stone, and it follows that one of the scarcest of commodities is wheat. Hence there is no great demand for flour-mills, and Mr. Gladstone's expectation of rural paper-mills is likely to be disappointed by the scarcity of rags in a country where there are very few inhabitants. The streams, therefore, descend for the most part idly from the mountains. Here and there may be seen an ingenious application of water-power to some such purpose as a turning-lathe; but in general this bountiful provision of water remains unimproved. When, however, preparations were made for working the newly discovered gold mine, it was obvious to employ water-power to perform processes for which in California recourse would probably be had to steam.

It is not, we believe, an unusual route for tourists to take the coach at Llangollen through the centre of North Wales to Dolgelly, and there to take another coach which descends to the sea at Barmouth, and thence proceeds along the coast towards the Snowdon district and Carnarvon. At the middle point between Dolgelly and Barmouth is a public-house, called from its position "The Half-way House," and just beyond it is a bridge over the stream which is employed, a quarter of a mile up the valley on the right, in crushing quartz. The place is best distinguished as the site of the "Vigia Copper Mine," which has been in existence for some years, but, we believe, has not proved successful. At any rate, the working of this mine has been discontinued, and within a mile of it has been opened another copper mine, and also the gold mine to which we have called attention. So many English families have had a relative or friend among the adventurers in distant gold-fields, that it cannot fail to be generally interesting to visit this little California in North Wales. The entrance to the mine is reached by a beautiful and by no means arduous walk, and the mine itself may be explored to its furthest point by careful scrambling and the light of a miner's candle. There is none of that elaborate preparation which is required for descending into the deep Cornish mines. Of the success of the enterprise there appears, to ordinary observation, to be no room for doubt. A vein of quartz, several feet in thickness, displays the signs so well known to the Californian miner of its pregnancy with the precious metal. Visitors to this mine may see, or fancy that they see, real gold gleaming on the sides and roof of the tunnel in which they grope. The quartz is detached by blasting, and then carted to the mill in blocks of about the size of stone intended to repair a road. The next process is to break it up with hammers just as one sees done by a road side. It is undeniable that among the masses of quartz under treatment at this mill may be found specimens which seem to justify the manager's statement of the large profit now being realized by the undertaking. We, however, have not a word to say on the commercial aspect of this mine. It looks as if gold might be got out of it, but we would on no account advise anybody to put gold into it. The delusions and deceptions of mining adventure are too many and various to allow of confidence being placed in any appearances which have not been most strictly tested. We have heard of what is technically called "salting," and of a Californian adventurer working diligently at extracting from his "claim" the gold dust which had been previously sprinkled there to tempt him to a hasty purchase. All we have to say is, that quartz rock apparently containing gold is a curious and interesting sight which may be now seen in abundance without a voyage to the other hemisphere. If the produce of this mine be anything near what is represented, those who own shares in it must be among the most fortunate of speculators. The wonder seems to be that, with plenty of quartz and plenty of water power to grind it, the work does not proceed on a much larger scale. There is only one over-shot water-wheel working one pair of amalgamating machines, while nine-tenths of the copious supply of water runs to waste. The amalgamating machine used at this mill consists of a large shallow iron basin with a ball in it. This basin is placed in an inclined position, and the ball of course rests in its lowest part. By means of the water power the basin is made to revolve while preserving its inclination, and thus the basin carries the ball upwards in the direction of its own motion, and of course the ball rolls down before this upward motion becomes perceptible. The effect is, that as the basin turns one way the ball rolls the other, and the quartz, which has been previously broken by the hammer, is now ground to powder by the ball, and at the same time is shaken and mixed with the water which partly fills the basin. By the continuation of this process the earthy matter is gradually washed away, while the gold which the quartz contains settles to the bottom of the basin, and there amalgamates with quicksilver placed to attract the gold. This amalgam is in due time removed from the basin; the quicksilver is got rid of by evaporation; and the gold appears in the state of imperfect purity in which it is commonly sent to market. There are many varieties of machine in use besides that which we have described, but the principle of them all is nearly the same. The quartz is ground and washed—the earthy matter passes away, and the gold remains.

The primitive machine used in Mexico consisted of a circular tank of stone, nicely paved, and having the interstices of the sides and floor filled with clay. In the centre of the tank was an upright revolving beam of wood, with a horizontal bar across it, having attached to each end a heavy stone which rested on the floor of the tank. The beam was made to revolve by the

labour of a mule driven round the tank; the heavy stones were dragged round by the horizontal bar, and in their progress they pounded the quartz and mixed it with the water which the tank contained. It is said that the stone used in this rude contrivance is more suitable for contact with gold than the iron of the improved machines; and some of the Californian miners have, we believe, gone back to the oldest method after trying many new ones. Of course the Mexican machine may be worked by water or steam as well as by animal power. It will be seen that all these machines admit of being described as modifications of the familiar pestle and mortar of the druggist's shop. There is a small machine at the Welsh gold-mine which is neither more nor less than a pestle worked by water-power in a mortar. It is used for amalgamating the richer specimens of quartz. The water-power is applied to all the machines by a fine new wheel, exceeding by two or three feet the diameter of the paddle-wheels of the *Great Eastern*. The operations of digging and stone-cracking require only the ordinary intelligence of a farm-labourer, and we should suppose that only the usual wages of the country are paid for performing them. That which was done a few years ago by Englishmen of good birth and well-filled purses, in the hope of speedily realizing fortunes, is now done by a few Welsh peasants as the means by which they earn their daily bread. No description of the toil and hardship undergone by the emigrants of the upper classes during the gold fever is likely to convey to the mind such a clear impression as may be gained by a visit to this mine which has been opened in Merionethshire.

One cannot help feeling that North Wales deserves, from the sterility of its surface, some compensation in subterranean wealth. Its mountains are excellently adapted for breeding sheep which have the activity of greyhounds, for grouse-shooting, and for tourists in search of exercise and health. Great part of it is not, and perhaps cannot be, anything else than a sort of play-ground for those who toil in various ways to develop the resources or support the social fabric of more productive districts. There is a great deal of barren land in South as well as in North Wales, but then nature in the South has placed coal and iron beneath the stones which form the farmer's most abundant crop. But in North Wales there is general poverty both upon and below the surface. The copper of the Vigia mine must be sent to Swansea, or some other distant place, to get it smelted. There is no coal near Dolgelly, and it would seem that there is very little copper. Nature was bound to do something for such an outwardly poor country, and she has done it—at least, if the reports of the present yield of gold be trustworthy, and supposing that other veins of auriferous quartz exist besides that one which supplies the existing works. We believe that mining speculation in North Wales has been lately turned principally towards slate quarries. The immense success of some of these undertakings leads to the projection of many others. It is a very easy thing for an incautious traveller to become a shareholder in a Limited Company. The landlord of a road-side inn will recommend his own pet speculation to the passing guest; and whether his mine be of slate or gold, he will probably assert and produce some alleged proof of its success. Travellers, therefore, will do well to seek only health, and by no means to allow the thought of wealth to obtrude upon them in North Wales.

THE TURNER PICTURES AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

IT is not often that the self-seekings of egotistical genius have tended to the public good. But Turner's will seems likely to prove an instance of this rare case. For some time, the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords upon the Turner and Vernon Galleries had been looked for with much interest. It was justly felt that in that Committee-room the South Kensington conspiracy must either triumph or be unmasked. For the ten years within which, according to the terms of that will, the nation was either to build a proper place for the reception and exhibition of Turner's pictures, or to forfeit the bequest altogether, will expire in December, 1861. Each party accordingly threw in its stake with the energy of a final effort. Those who clung to the hope of outwitting the testator and perpetuating the juggle which had carried the pictures off to the distant Boilers were marshalled on one side. On the other were ranged the men who felt that good faith and good sense alike combined to counsel retention of the national collection in particular, and of Turner's pictures in general, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Charing-cross.

The Committee, after rehearsing the conditions attached to his bequest, and the decree of the Court of Chancery made in March, 1856, which handed over the whole of Turner's pictures and drawings to the trustees for the time being of the National Gallery, proceeds to report "that the nation ought, in the opinion of this House, to carry out the conditions annexed to the gift." There can be no difference of opinion as to the justice of this decision. But how Turner's intentions can be best carried out it is by no means so easy to decide. The Report goes on to state that the Turner pictures are now at Brompton, for want of a room to receive them at the National Gallery; while it righteously reminds the world that "it was publicly announced that they were removed to Kensington only as a temporary measure." To those who, like ourselves, have always contended against the removal of the National Gallery, or even of the

pictures of the British School, to the Brompton Boilers, it is very satisfactory to observe, that the Committee is by no means disposed to allow that "temporary measure" to be converted, by lapse of time, into an established fact. It is almost against hope that we see a prospect of the Turner and Vernon pictures being once more separated from the Sheepshanks Gallery, which has been so ingeniously converted into a *pièce de résistance* of the South Kensington Museum. Until a room or rooms can be provided in Trafalgar-square for "Turner's Gallery," the Committee advises that the finished pictures shall be "forthwith" deposited and properly hung in one of the rooms of the present National Gallery. How this is to be contrived, must be explained from the evidence given by Mr. Wornum. In reply to Lord Overstone, the keeper declares that he could hang the 105 finished pictures of the Turner Collection in the present Dutch, or West room at Trafalgar-square. In this way the best Turners would be on the line of sight, and the less valuable specimens would be hung above or below it. But what is to become of the ejected Dutch pictures? The proposal is to weed the Gallery of certain inferior paintings (the two large Guidos being especially mentioned) and to distribute the rest on the walls of the other rooms, or on screens. Well may Mr. Wornum remark that the Gallery will thus be more crowded even than it was before the late alterations, and that the pictures will probably reach the cornice in all the rooms. Well also may the Committee insist that "this arrangement, as it will necessarily involve considerable inconvenience in the exhibition of the pictures now in the National Gallery, must be considered as of a strictly temporary character, pending the execution of some more enlarged and comprehensive plan." The next two clauses of the Report, which are the most important of all, we must quote at length, though the second one is very halting in its grammar:—

That, with a view to provide such accommodation, Mr. Pennethorne, the architect, has stated in his evidence that he can undertake to erect rooms fully sufficient for the reception of the Turner pictures at the back of the present National Gallery, within a period of time not exceeding twelve months, and at a cost not to exceed twenty-five thousand pounds.

That, unless some reasonable prospect of seeing a noble gallery, worthy of the fine collection of pictures by the ancient masters and British artists which the country now possesses, and which is, year by year, receiving additions of great importance, erected upon a comprehensive plan on the present or any other site, it appears desirable that steps should be forthwith taken for making the limited addition to the present Gallery suggested by Mr. Pennethorne.

We should be ashamed of ourselves if we did not loudly proclaim that the country ought to build "a noble gallery" for its pictures. Still, supposing this first best step were altogether hopeless, we should, in the next place, commend the commonsense advice of the Committee to add an appendage of some sort to the present building. But is it to go by default, as it were, without full discussion and a formal decision, whether we are to have a new National Gallery or not? This is what is now to be feared. The policy of the present Government, as displayed at the Board of Works, is needlessly to unsettle what was decided by their predecessors in office. So it was with the plans for the new Foreign Office, in which matter the crochets of the Prime Minister have been allowed to override and reverse what was fairly determined by Lord John Manners, acting under the advice of the Cabinet and within the proper scope of his duties. It seems to be the same in the present instance. Lord Derby's Administration had obtained the consent of the Royal Academy to remove from Trafalgar-square altogether, on receiving a grant, or a long lease, of part of the site of Burlington House, upon which that Corporation agreed to erect suitable buildings for their own use at a cost of 60,000*l.* There was every hope of this arrangement being carried out. Had it been so, the present difficulty would not have arisen. The building in Trafalgar-square, had it been given up altogether to the National Gallery, would have sufficed for all our pictures, including the Turner bequest, for some time to come; and we should have had ample time for considering the whole question of building a new Gallery. Such a Gallery, when decided upon, might have been carried out by degrees, the new façade towards Trafalgar-square being the last part to be finished. But now there is every chance of our being hurried into a course which will spend a large sum of money and yet not provide us with anything better, in an architectural point of view, than a design of Mr. Pennethorne's. For some unaccountable reason the negotiations with the Royal Academy have been dropped since the present Ministry has held office. Sir Charles Eastlake says, in his evidence—"I am not aware what is pending under the present Government; under the last Government it was not only pending, but decided, that the Royal Academy should be removed to Burlington House; and the Academy accepted those terms; but what is now pending, I do not know." What is the consequence of this policy? First, we have had an expensive and unsatisfactory alteration in the National Gallery already effected. Even the advantage of more space, which we have enjoyed about three months, will be forfeited if the Turner pictures, as now proposed, are crowded in. We grant that the new room, over the entrance hall, is good in its way, but its approach is bad, and the general entrance to the building is entirely spoilt. The portico has lost all its architectural significance, and the present method of access to the interior is undignified and inconvenient in the extreme. We call this a mere waste of the public money. "I have always understood," says Sir Charles Eastlake, "that the recent alterations are temporary, because it is obvious that they will not suffice as a perma-

ment arrangement for the building as a whole. *The Sculpture Room, for instance, would not do as a room for a future National Gallery, nor would the present approach into the new East room of the National Gallery do ultimately.*"

So much for the recent alterations. Next, we fully expect that Mr. Cowper will saddle us with the Pennethorne ex-crescence, threatened in the Committee's report. It will be remembered that, before Parliament rose, the First Commissioner of Works very significantly declined to pledge himself that no new work of this kind should be undertaken during the recess. We confess that we have turned to Mr. Pennethorne's evidence with much apprehension. There we find this gentleman strongly recommending the immediate addition of a western wing, projecting behind the present building, which is to form part of a permanent enlargement of the Gallery. This would be, in effect, to hand over to this architect, without check, or opportunity even of previous criticism, the future structure which is to hold the national pictures. For this we are not prepared. Lord Overstone judiciously asks, "Does not a permanent gallery necessarily involve more enlarged considerations with reference to plans than such an alteration as was carried out last Christmas?" And it is very little consolation to hear the reply, "I have given a great deal of consideration to the subject already." Further on, Mr. Pennethorne develops his scheme more fully. He offers to rebuild the whole gallery in two years, but would prefer to take five years, spending 20,000*l.* a-year. The wing which he proposes to add first is to be a gallery 136 feet long, by 35 broad, built in the barrack-yard, supported on columns, the cloister below being used for the drilling or the recreation of the soldiers in wet weather. To this arrangement Lord Overstone, most reasonably, as it seems to us, raises certain obvious objections. He himself, it appears, is in favour of devoting Burlington House to the purposes of the National Gallery, and leaving the Royal Academy where it is. But this proposition, though there is much to be said for it, as well as against it, is not now before us. We return to Mr. Pennethorne's scheme. This gentleman deliberately replies as follows to Lord Foley:—"There would be a great advantage in building at the back, because you need not go to much outlay for architectural ornament; but besides that we are, without difficulty, enabled to have recourse to all those means of lighting which a good deal interfere with the architecture of a building fronting a public street. Here we could avail ourselves of those appliances, because we are in a back street." If any one would understand the full mischief of these words, he must go behind the National Gallery to see with his own eyes the external meanness of Mr. Pennethorne's new sculpture room. In the cause of true architectural art we protest against this principle. The sides and back of a public building need not have expensive façades, but they ought to be dignified and worthy of their purpose. They ought to bear looking at, and any true architecture would make them so. It may be all very well for the modern Classic architects to provide a fine front and to neglect the less seen parts; though, to do justice to the style itself, we see nothing of this sham and pretence in the Parthenon or the Coliseum. But a style is self-condemned which cannot adapt itself honestly to the requirements of any building. If the National Gallery wants light in a certain manner, there would be no discredit in its principal front having windows accordingly. It is unworthy of the age to perpetuate the principle that any public building is architecturally better for having a show façade, masking a mass of base and hideous details behind.

On the whole then, as the Lords' Committee defer the further matter of the Vernon pictures till the next session, having only had time to complete one half of their inquiry, we are strongly of opinion that nothing should be done till the whole question of the future National Gallery has been fairly considered. Considering the confessed inconveniences of the *ad interim* division of the National pictures between Trafalgar Square and South Kensington, we are anxious to see the Turner pictures brought back to London, even at the cost of temporarily overcrowding the present rooms. If this is not done, we may make pretty sure that the proposal will be made in 1863 to banish the old pictures to Captain Fowke's monster shed. It will be no small triumph to win back those spoils from the encroaching yet silent and astute authorities of South Kensington; and it will be well on all grounds to do so before the "permanent picture-gallery" designed by a Captain of Engineers (whose notion about façades opens lower depths than even the evidence of Mr. Pennethorne) shall be so far finished as to tempt us with the prospect of a room long enough, after the Exhibition of 1862 is concluded, to hold all the paintings which the nation is likely to possess for at least a century. But we earnestly trust, in spite of the urgency of that danger, that Mr. Pennethorne will not be allowed to go to work yet awhile with his new wing. Let us pause till we have made up our minds to rebuild the National Gallery by degrees on some well considered plan, designed not by the respectable official surveyor of the Board of Works, but by the architect who shall prove himself to be the best fitted for the work. But, above all things, let us not allow the Brompton conspirators to divide and rule. They are at present in a dilemma by reason of the Turner proviso. United action on the part of those who refuse their dictation is all that is needed to consummate their discomfiture.

REVIEWS.

MEDIEVAL SICILIAN POETS.*

THE structure of a great part of the work before us, the unassuming but moreover undecided tenor of the introduction, and the friendly, confidential tone in which the author dedicates his labours to the studious youth of Sicily, leave us rather in doubt whether his main design was to write an educational synopsis, or else a critique of literary history that should be substantially new and independent. On farther examination, we think the objects of an epitomist have been those most steadily pursued; and in this light the miscellaneous reading of Signor Sanfilippo, and his powers of arrangement and generalization, have been adequate to make the book an agreeable and useful repertory for the best-ascertained facts and some of the principles that have been deduced from them. On a few subjects, however, he has peculiar views to defend, *proprio Marte*, which he does with much urbanity and deference towards other authorities, and often with considerable ingenuity, but without that thorough research and examination of original sources which are often, we think, required by the tasks he has undertaken.

The style of Italian poetry that flourished under the Suabian kings of the Two Sicilies, Frederic and Manfred, would appear to have been mainly derived from the Troubadours of Provence, many of whom were gathered to their Court at Palermo, where they encountered imitators and rivals from various parts of the peninsula. But the poetic art of the Troubadours is thought, by Desguignes and others, to have been grounded on that of the Arab minstrels in Spain; and the population of Sicily included a large Arab element, from which the native poets, in Signor Sanfilippo's opinion, may have acquired more directly the tone of sentiment and the forms of versification which had such charms for the ear of their sovereigns. This is an interesting question; but it seems argued in the volume before us with a meagre generality, the result of a large amount of cursory and second-hand reading, which does not leave an impression suited to give us confidence in the author's solution. The Arabs wrote rhymes, and they wrote love-poetry—of that there can be no question—but of what kind of love and rhyme flourished among the Sicilian Arabs he has formed a very vague notion; and we are left wholly unable to measure its comparative proximity to the styles of Provence and of the natives of the island. One Sicilian poet is indeed cited, who perhaps wrote before Frederic had brought over the Provençaux; though the date of the work he has left must be fixed by internal evidences, and these appear hard to reconcile. But even if we grant that this writer flourished as early as 1193, and that he was not indebted to the Troubadours for the general idea of writing a lyrical dialogue, still the style and the sentiments of that dialogue have so little of the well-known seriousness, dignity, and delicacy that subsequently predominated, that we are quite at a loss to trace his influence anywhere. Yet he is a clever writer in his way; and we think the reverend canon, who displays much anxiety about the literary honour of Sicily, might have defended his talents with more spirit against some of the strictures from which his fame has suffered.

One of the first stumbling-blocks that must be encountered by an admirer of the modern Sicilian poets and their dialect is the very supercilious mention which Dante makes, in the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, of the earliest and most vernacular of their number. The oldest piece of verse we possess in the Italian language, with the exception of two inscriptions in the poorest doggerel, is the *Amante and Madonna* of Ciuillo d'Alcamo, a native of the neighbourhood of Palermo, which to us appears to display a genuine and wonderful idyllic power. It was indeed not exactly a work suited to the manners or even morals of a refined chivalric love-poet. It presented a plain picture of rural dalliance, adorned with the utmost grace and liveliness that the matter naturally admitted, but indulging in a large amount of levity and banter, and pointing at the end to a clandestine and alarmingly informal marriage. Such an object was a more material one than that sweet smile of a maid or another man's wife, which Dante called "*tutta la mia beatitudine*," and Petrarch the

Ultima speme de' cortesi amanti.

But it may interest the sympathies of as many readers, while it is ordained that the world should continue growing; and hence a primitive author, who has dealt with it spiritedly, and not altogether coarsely, in a rhythm and diction which are fluent and dexterous, if they are not stately, deserves some regard and scrutiny before we give him up to the mercies of absolute high-art critics. Besides this, the judgments of Dante in the work referred to are difficult to understand in detail, inasmuch as he never deigns to enter into a formal argument on the merits of a dialect or its literature, but cites a scrap of verse in which he presumes the ear of his readers will be struck by some uncouthness, and dismisses the case as summarily as we might deal now-a-days with a versifier who should commit the atrocity of making "morning" rhyme to "awning." One of his severest, or perhaps we may say rudest, observations is on the Sardinian diction:—

Sardos etiam, qui non Latini sunt, sed Latinis adsociandi videntur, efficiamus: quoniam soli sine proprio Vulgari esse videntur, Grammaticam

* *Storia della Letteratura Italiana.* Di Pietro Sanfilippo, Can. della Metropolitana Chiesa di Palermo, Membro della Commissione di Pubblica Istruzione di Sicilia. Vol. I. Palermo. 1859.

tanquam Simia homines imitantes; nam *Domus nova, et Dominus meus* loquuntur.—*De Vulg. Eloq. c. 11.*

And thus he would have ejected these unfortunate islanders, not merely like our designing French contemporaries, from the unity of the Italian nation, but even from that of articulating mortals; and all because they affected in apish fashion to talk Latin, and said "*Domus nova et Dominus meus!*" It is very difficult to divine why this short phrase should appear so objectionable or unclassical. Perhaps we may conceive that Dante "smelt a false quantity;" that he was accustomed to pronounce the above words with true short vowels, and was shocked at hearing them lengthened in the modern guise into *dómus* or (in English equivalents) *dawmoos*, &c. Or are the five words actually meant for a decasyllabic verse, to be read with the French accent?

Domus mea et Dominus meus.

They would not present a worse rhythm than do many famous Latin hymns of French origin; and we should find that Dante had aimed a good blow at the barbarous rhymes and accents which were admitted by some contemporary Latin versifiers not without classical pretensions. But let us take a hint from him for the descendants of these Sardinians, and recommend them to pay some attention to their vernacular eloquence; and, above all, to beware of affecting French words, idioms, or even accents, in perilous times.

But we proceed to the chapter on the *De Vulgari Eloquio* which treats of the Sicilians and Apulians. Their diction, we are told, had the highest reputation, because the best Italian poets had resorted to the Courts of Frederic and Manfred, so that "whatever our predecessors brought out in the vernacular is called Sicilian." And the diction of the higher classes in Sicily, it is admitted, was exemplary, because it agreed with that of the above poets, as appeared by two canzoni to which Dante refers us from Guido delle Colonne. But—

Si vulgare Sicilianum accipere volumus, scilicet quod prodit a terrigenis mediocribus, ex ore quorum iudicium elicendum videtur, prelationis minime dignum est: quia non sine quodam tempore profertur, ut puta ibi—

*Traggemi d'este focora—
se t'este a bolontate.*

That is, if the dialect was to be judged by the oral enunciation of natives in a middle condition, it was not at all worthy of preference, because it was not uttered *sine quodam tempore*—which seems to mean "without a certain drawl." And indeed the measure of Ciullo, from whom this line is cited, seems favourable to a comic singsong tone, by the *adrucciolo*, or shaky ending, of the half-verse in the two weak syllables of *focora*, &c. The canzone begins:—

*Rosa fresca aulentissima,
ch' appari 'nver l'estate,
Le donne ti disiano
pulzelle e maritate;
Traggemi d'este focora
se t'este a bolontate.*

the last verse meaning "take me out of these fires, if you please." But we will add an easier stanza:—

*Molte sono le femmine
e'hanno dura la testa,
El'uomo con parabole
le dimina e ammodesta;
Tanto intorno peracciale
finchè l'ha in sua podesta;
Femmina d'uomo non si può tenere;
Guardati, bella, pur di ripentere.*

This poem is not only an effective one in its own style, but there is an original character in its tone and structure, which seems to cry *noli me tangere* to many learned inquiries respecting the various influences which may have affected the first Italian poetry. The rhythm indeed is a near approach to that of the Byzantine πολιτικοὶ στίχοι, "political or city verses" of the time of the Comneni, &c.—whose authors are so blamed by classical men for writing by accent instead of quantity; though this fashion was doubtless required by the rhythm of the living language, at least in any works professedly intended for popular edification.

But to return to our literary historian. He first gives up his countryman in the most obsequious manner to Dante's imputations as a writer for the lower orders; and then allows, in the words of Signor Nannucci, that the style is "insipid, plebeian, and void of all brilliancy (*privo d'ogni fiore*), the diction rude and plebeian, and the canzone a medley of Sicilian, Neapolitan, Provençal, Spanish, Greek, Latin, and Tuscan. A polyglot list, indeed; but in point of purity, it is difficult to criticize a writer in so new a language; and the piece has a thoroughly Italian air about it. But by not defending it, our friend the Canon has spoiled an important theme in a special argument which he promised us; for the succeeding Sicilian poets to the time of Dante have much less individuality, or merit of any kind; and the memory does not readily separate their polite sonnets, madrigals, &c., from those of the secondary poets in Tuscany, Lombardy, &c., whose style was perfected by Dante and his friends.

The Italians have seldom been disposed to dispute on abstruse theological questions with the daring subtlety of the Greek or the solidity of the German mind; but the Ghibellinism fostered by the Suabian Emperors, Frederic and Manfred, involved a deep movement towards political and social reformation, by which the Catholic theory of Papal authority and priestly discipline was

materially endangered. The idea of a universal Latin Patriarchate had sprung up under the shadow of a pretended universal empire; but those principles of the absolute, independent sanctity of the secular Government which were afterwards most fully formulated in Dante's *Monarchy*, required a peremptory subordination of the power of the Church to that of the State, which might have realized for the Sovereigns of Italy and Germany many of the objects which the first Protestant rulers have had most at heart. The ultimate triumph of Guelphism was assisted by the dislike which the Italian people entertained for a foreign and a barbarian potentate; but a similar sentiment of nationality promoted the religious emancipation of Northern Germany, and the temporal enfranchisement of the Peninsula, which many extrinsic causes unfortunately made too futile, was naturally atoned for by the curtailment of her spiritual primacy.

The chivalric manners and erotic poetry of the thirteenth century had a tendency that indirectly favoured Ghibellinism. They produced a literature not generally calculated to obtain a permanent reputation, but effective in modifying manners and institutions which have been handed down to succeeding ages. They restored a dignity to worldly society, worldly manners and the relations of the sexes, of which these things had been deprived by monastic and hierarchical maxims. The praise of love and beauty, couched in terms of unexceptionable refinement, was an antidote to the widespread passion for vows of celibacy and for endowing the Church with the property of families. This tendency can scarcely have been overlooked by so vigilant an enemy of priestcraft and priestly temporalities as the second Frederic; and the sacrifices he endured of time and money in writing and listening to elaborate erotic poems, to which even his grave Minister Pier delle Vigne was driven by fashion to contribute, along with other men equally unfitted by tastes and habits for writing with real genius or real passion, were perhaps not inconsiderately lavished even by a king on whom the business of war and government pressed so heavily and unremittently.

JAPAN, THE AMOOR, AND THE PACIFIC.*

THIS volume is the history of a voyage completely round the globe. Starting from Brest, Mr. Tilley was carried in a south-westerly direction as far down as Rio Janeiro. He was then wheeled round eastward to the Cape of Good Hope, and taken thence in a north-easterly direction through the Straits of Sunda, past the Philippine and Japan Islands, as far as the mouth of the Amoor. Then, turning due east, the little squadron made for the west coast of North America, and thence, with a slight detour through the Sandwich Islands, down past Cape Horn, and through the Straits of Magellan up again to the coast of Brazil, from which he had started in the opposite direction nearly two years before. It would seem, at first sight, as if to pass two entire years among races of men whose ideas of morals, government, and religion are so utterly foreign to our own must have some strange effect upon a man's nature—more especially when the integrity of his own modes of thought is not upheld by his position as the ruler of a subject race or the representative of external authority. In such a case, a gulf will generally exist between the natives and a stranger sufficiently wide to prevent him from feeling the influence of their peculiar ideas. But to visit them in the capacity of a tourist only—

There to wander far away,

On from island unto island at the gateways of the day—

with nothing to do but to observe the manners of the people, and abandon oneself to the sense of enjoyment, seems calculated to loosen the cement of European civilization. The result, however, does not follow. Our countrymen, at all events, seem able to withstand such influences, and to preserve amid all the demoralizing scenes in which they mix a stoical demeanour and sense of generic superiority which preserves them from the tainted atmosphere. In one particular, certainly, Mr. Tilley seems to have courted temptation in order that he might wrestle with it and defeat it; nor can we gather from his narrative that he ever shared the sad fate of those ascetics described by Gibbon, who tried themselves beyond their strength. We may, therefore, console ourselves with the reflection that there really is no danger in the example of Japanese and Tahitian modes of life, and proceed to enjoy our book of travels without reflecting that our pleasure is purchased at the risk of any man's corruption.

Manilla was the first place, after leaving the Cape, at which Mr. Tilley made any lengthened stay. The population of this group of islands is composed, in unequal proportions, of pure Spaniards and pure Chinese, and Chinese *métis* and Spanish *métis*, or the offspring of marriages between these two races and the natives. There are also two kinds of natives—the Negritos, who are still in a savage state, and the Tagals, who are subject to the Spanish Government. The men of all ranks and races are inveterate gamblers, cockfighting being the national sport. The women are pleasing in dress and manner, and remarkably cleanly in their habits. But licentiousness of life—a vice seemingly ineradicable among the Pacific Islands—still prevails largely, and is fostered by the ancient customs of the people. The

* *Japan, the Amoor, and the Pacific.* With notices of other Places comprised in a Voyage of Circumnavigation in the Imperial Russian Corvette "Rynda." By Henry Arthur Tilley. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1861.

industry of these islands is chiefly engaged in the growth of tobacco, rice, and sugar; and the manufacture of cigars gives employment to a large number of women. But the account given by Mr. Tilley of the accidents to which the cigar is liable while in the hands of the fair "Celladora" is not calculated to make a man pull out his cigar-case. The resources of the Philippines are as yet but imperfectly developed. Both the climate and the soil are favourable to extreme productiveness. Coal, iron, and copper, and, as Mr. Tilley thinks, gold also, are to be had for the digging. Magnificent timber, and trees producing gum, oil, and varnishes, abound in the interior. The forests and the lakes swarm with game and fish. And if Spain be in reality recovering from the decadence of two centuries, she has a far finer field for exertion in the virgin wealth of these islands than in the half-exhausted soil of Cuba and St. Domingo.

The approach to Nangasaki, the most southerly port of the Japan islands, reminded Mr. Tilley of the appearance of an English bathing-town seen by night from the sea—the torches which projected from the sterns of a large fleet of fishing-boats producing exactly the same effect in the distance as the gas-lamps of Brighton or Ramsgate. He soon discovered, upon landing, that his escort belonged to the most favoured nation among foreigners. The reason of this was to be found not only in the aptitude which the Russians possess for adapting themselves to foreign habits, but also in the fact that very few Russian traders had ever appeared in these islands—the inference being that the Russians, like the Japanese, had a proper contempt for trade. This idea will probably be dispelled in time. But the other element of their success is likely to assist them always. An Englishman or an American, for instance, will walk into a native house with his dirty boots on, regardless of the importance attached by the owner to the purity of his carpets. He will abuse the inhabitants violently if they happen to offend him, and in many ways shows a want of respect for minor prejudices and decencies which is very hurtful to his popularity. But the Russians most carefully avoid this class of offences; and the consequence is that they can do nearly just as they like, and are followed through the streets "by laughing children backed up by a circle of pretty girls." In Japan, however, as in China, there are two parties—one desirous of cultivating relations with the outer world, the other as bent as ever upon reasserting the isolation of their Empire. During Mr. Tilley's stay in this neighbourhood, a Russian officer was murdered in the open day in one of the public streets. But the murderer was never discovered, and it was supposed that he had powerful friends among the opponents of the new system, who had perhaps even abetted the crime as a means of embroiling the authorities of the island with the Russian Government. The Russians, however, chose to be satisfied with the apologies offered, and no further misunderstanding occurred. Mr. Tilley does not add much to the knowledge we already possess of private life in Japan, but his pictures of it are fresh and forcible; and they are the more instructive, as he saw nothing which he did not make an effort to understand, or which he shrinks from describing to his readers. Of the "tea-house," for instance—a kind of Rosherville in the Pacific Ocean—he has given more than one description, each of which we instinctively feel to be a faithful one, and which unite, in a literary sense, the merits of both Hogarth and Mr. Frith. The commercial advantages which have been promised us by opening up the trade with Japan Mr. Tilley rates at a very low value. She has neither silk nor tea to give us, nor does she want our cotton goods for herself. There is probably, he thinks, a large store of mineral wealth in Japan, if the mines were properly worked. But this cannot be done without the aid of European capital and science, which would have to be introduced by force, if introduced at all—a proceeding of which it is very doubtful if the results would compensate for the expense.

Mr. Tilley did not see anything in the Russian settlements on the Amoor which could, in his opinion, justify the anxiety with which some Englishmen regard them. He ridicules the idea of direct communication by railway between European Russia and the Pacific. And certainly the difficulties to be overcome appear even in these days to be insuperable. These regions, therefore, can never serve as a *point d'appui* for any scheme of Russian conquest in the direction of China and California, as the conveyance of troops in sufficient numbers would be a simple impossibility. Some time ago, out of a thousand men who attempted the march from Irkutsk to the coast—a distance less than half of that between the coast and Moscow—only from forty to fifty reached their destination alive. So, at least, Mr. Tilley was told by the Russians. But, certainly, whoever considers the nature of the country and the length of the journey between the Caspian Sea and Cabool to constitute an invincible bar against a Russian invasion of India, ought readily to accept the reasons advanced by Mr. Tilley against the possibility of her settlements on the Pacific becoming dangerous to the interests of this country. The commercial prospects of Nicholaïsk, the principal Russian town on the Amoor, seem to our author not absolutely barren, but still very far from rich. Either this town, or some other more favourably situated, may become perhaps the centre of a traffic between China and the interior of Northern Asia; and the region through which the Amoor flows might be made highly productive if the requisite amount of labour were forthcoming. But where, in the first place, is the population which is to furnish the demand for Chinese goods, and where is the labour

to come from which is to cultivate the valleys of the Amoor? Russia cannot furnish it herself, nor are the populous countries of Western Europe likely to do so while Australia, California, and Canada continue unexhausted. For a very long time, therefore, and perhaps for ever, the towns on the Amoor must, according to our author, continue to be mere military and naval stations. They are regarded by Russia herself "as an excellent school for the instruction and training of the navy," and we can understand that it may be worth her while to maintain them for this purpose alone. But all Mr. Tilley's statements on this subject must be received with caution, as he was naturally much under the influence of Russian views, and disposed to make the best return he could for the kindness extended to him by endeavouring to see things in the light most agreeable to his companions.

Stretching straight across the Pacific, and flying before a violent gale at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, the "Rynda" reached San Francisco on the 11th of December; and Mr. Tilley's description of that city, though short, is one of the best-written chapters of the book. Already, he says, it is beginning to rival London and Paris in the splendour of its hotels and shops. But what gives it its peculiar character is its thoroughly cosmopolitan population. Every people of the Old World has its representative here, and they are all devoted, generally speaking, to their ancient and traditional avocations. The Jew sells cigars and old clothes. The Germans are musicians. The French are in possession of the restaurants. The Swiss are watchmakers, and the negroes are waiters and fruitsellers. Out of the eighty thousand inhabitants of San Francisco, not more than ten thousand are Americans. But, equalling the first capitals of Europe in luxury and splendour, San Francisco, if report speaks true, is far ahead of them in her vices. "The importation of women from New York forms a branch of commerce." And a wife who wants money for the gratification of the silliest whim does not scruple to imitate Messalina. Whether or no Mr. Tilley was imposed on by his informants, we cannot undertake to say. But there are many circumstances which combine to make his story but too probable. He contemplates, however, a magnificent future for California:—

China and Japan are a few weeks' sail from its shores; the island world of the Pacific is preparing to become its *protegé*. And as years roll on, and the giant republic breaks down beneath its own weight, California, as a republic, kingdom, or empire, will be one of the great Powers, perhaps the France of American destinies; and that, as queen of the Pacific, she intends to assert her sway over those broad waters, is evident in the enormous docks lately finished at a vast expense at Mare Island, on the Sacramento, and whence the first man-of-war had just been launched.

If so, we trust she will improve her manners. For the growth of a great western empire, uniting in itself the energies and the civilization of Europe with the morality of those races which inhabit the opposite shores of the Pacific, is an event which it is frightful to contemplate. The Mormon territory of Utah is, we must remember, the next neighbour of California. Should these two ever coalesce into one great kingdom, what would be its predominant creed? Wealth, luxury, and material power are not, we know, incompatible with credulity. In the event we are imagining, it is quite as likely that California would embrace polygamy, as that Utah would cease to practise it. The neighbouring islands, of which she is the destined mistress, afford peculiar facilities for its exercise. Nor would it, we fear, be the most unlikely event that has ever happened in the history of the world, should San Francisco become hereafter the seat of a great Mormon theocracy, with the graceful maids of Polynesia to fill the quivers of the Saints.

Mr. Tilley himself saw something of the female population whose possible mission it may be to people the new kingdom of heaven. It is to be suspected, from the account which he has given us, that they would rather go to heaven upon those terms than upon such as are offered by the missionary. We have already said that the immorality of the Pacific races is not easily to be rooted out; though it would be unfair to assert that no impression whatever has been made upon the younger women by the lessons of the missionary school. Mr. Tilley saw one, at all events, who seemed to have ideas on this subject above the comprehension of her parents, who habitually lead their daughters into sin. But very little change, on the whole, has yet taken place in their habits; and it seems as if the preacher of a purer morality finds in the natural condition of the people, in their climate, dress, and mode of life insurmountable obstacles to success. It does not appear that Tahiti, where a French system of administration and the Roman Catholic religion are established, is superior in this respect to the Sandwich Islands.

Mr. Tilley concluded his wanderings at Monte Video and Buenos Ayres. Here, too, we observe, that it is the ladies who monopolize his attention. "At church, or at market," as the song says, he watches all their ways, which seem to be very nice ones, with the eye of a man who is a judge. The practice of the young ladies is to have "nice little kneeling rendezvous" at mass. And, when Mr. Tilley attended the cathedrals, he observed that he had never seen "a finer display of black eyes, well-booted little feet, and tiny, well-gloved hands." From these objects of devotion he was obliged to tear himself away on the 20th of May; and finally ended his long and well-spent voyage in Plymouth harbour about the beginning of September, almost exactly two years from the day of his departure from England.

WHO BREAKS—PAYS.*

WE sometimes wonder where in the world novelists pick up their heroes and heroines. That they should not resemble the ordinary race of mortals is not, perhaps, strange. But we often look in vain for even those more general characteristics which are common to all mankind. In the fullest sense of the words, they stand amongst the subordinate actors in the tale—"among them, but not of them;" and yet, with all this, they are usually as much the slaves of circumstances as their more commonplace and less favoured companions. This fault of substituting the ideal for the real—the artist's own conception of transcendental humanity for the true representative of every-day life—is daily becoming more and more common. It was an error from which the older novelists carefully abstained. They knew that the highest art is the nearest approach to nature, and did not suffer their vanity to lead them astray in pursuit of a visionary and artificial excellence. Content, therefore, to take nature as their model, and describe her as she showed herself to the observant eye, they felt no temptation, or cared not to waste their time, in trying to paint the rose. And hence, when we take up the still popular novels of Richardson and Miss Burney, or the somewhat more modern ones of Ferrier, Austen, Edgeworth, and Sir W. Scott, we find ourselves at once in the company of beings whom we seem to recognise as old and familiar friends. It is the want of this sympathy between the reader and his subject that causes Milton's great poem to be more often respectfully admired than diligently read. Part of Lord Chesterfield's criticism on the *Paradise Lost* is so acute, as well as so applicable to the present subject, that we make no apology for quoting it. "Not having the honour," says his Lordship, "to be acquainted with any of the parties in his (Milton's) poem, except the man and woman, the characters and speeches of a dozen or two of angels, and of as many devils, are as far above my reach as above my entertainment." Every one knows the great charm there is, when reading a book, to feel at home with the persons, or in the scenes described. The strong, masterly hands which sketched the characters in the pages of the above-named novelists evidently drew from life, having studied human nature, in all its varieties, as it is, and not through the distorting medium of their own fanciful conceptions.

But besides this, the old masters in this branch of literature understood the art of grouping their figures to the best advantage far better than most of their successors, and were careful not to overcrowd the canvas. Their principal characters maintain a due pre-eminence both in interest and position throughout the book, and are never eclipsed or thrust aside by the obtrusion of the minor performers. The line which divides the hero or heroine from those who surround them is clearly enough marked to prevent confusion, but does not hinder all the characters from receiving their proper share of the reader's interest. In the popular fictions of the present day this unity of design and harmony of execution are rarely attained, and very often apparently not even sought after. Occasionally, indeed, in the crowd of brilliant actors who in turn, or together, occupy the stage, it is not easy to be sure which the author means to be the real hero of the tale. The reader's attention is distracted, and his interest divided, between the numerous rivals who seem pretty equally balanced in their claims for the first place. The irregular introduction of religion and politics into a region of literature hitherto confined to social and domestic life or the manners and customs of the day, is also a new and very important feature in the modern romance. How far these matters are legitimate subjects for discussion in such ephemeral publications we shall not now stop to inquire. Certain it is that the novel of the nineteenth century is no longer a mere picture of individual or family life, but the intellectual battle-ground for contending parties, and embodies fervid appeals to the political or religious sympathies of the reading public. The fate of kingdoms and empires, the union of Church and State, the extension of the franchise, and national education, with a host of less serious subjects, are unhesitatingly introduced and disposed of in pages professedly designed for amusement.

Who Breaks—Pays, is not an exception to the general rule. The popular enthusiasm in behalf of Italian liberties has seduced the author into nearly spoiling a good story by the infusion of a strong political element. Had this been omitted, together with a good deal of irrelevant matter which takes up room without advancing the narrative, the whole might have been easily and advantageously compressed into a single volume. The outline of the tale is briefly this. Lill Tufton, the heroine, is a pretty, dashing, and impulsive girl. Living at Paris with her grandfather, Sir Mark Tufton, a harsh, violent-tempered old "screw" (we use the author's own word), whom it is her special delight to resist and irritate, she meets at a dinner party the Italian hero of the tale. Giuliani is of course a highly talented and well-born refugee. Though earning his bread, at the time our story commences, by giving three-franc lessons in his native tongue, he is heir, we are told, to the title and fortunes of a count, but has nobly sacrificed his worldly prospects to his political principles. The young lady, for the pious purpose of engraving her grandfather, requests Giuliani, the first evening of their acquaintance, to procure her a box at the opera. This naturally leads to a further acquaint-

ance. In her zeal for her new friend, Miss Tufton determines to take surreptitious lessons in Italian during the absence of Sir M. Tufton in England. The susceptible Italian is quickly inflamed with a heart-consuming passion, which, however, he resolves to conceal. But an accidental meeting with the lady at the house of a common friend, when she takes him to task for not coming to see her, brings matters to a crisis. After a short parley, in which Lill investigates more bluntly than politely our hero's matrimonial intentions with respect to a young lady in the next room, and, by way of showing her contempt for feminine ornaments, throws her bracelets into the fire, Giuliani consents to renew his visits provided he may do so as her affianced lover. The poor girl, surprised and bewildered by the suddenness of the attack, yields a hasty assent. That Miss Tufton, at the time she accepted the impetuous Italian's suit, neither was, nor fancied herself, in the least in love with him, the author plainly admits. Making therefore every allowance for the natural capriciousness of her sex, and of herself in particular, we still think this scene decidedly over-strained, and that not even a Lill Tufton would have been guilty of so egregious an act of folly. The young lady, though so independent in action, yet lacks the moral courage to confess what she has done to her irascible grandfather. The engagement is accordingly still a secret when she is unexpectedly obliged to return to England. Here a Sir Frederick Ponsonby, eldest son of the lady at whose house Giuliani had proposed to Lill, comes into the neighbourhood, and soon finds his way to the Tuftons' house. The thoughtless beauty, having somehow satisfied her conscience with the gratuitous assumption that he must have heard from his own family of her secret engagement with the Italian (though neither she nor Giuliani had taken Lady Ponsonby into their confidence), flirts with the handsome baronet to her heart's content. Sir Frederick's sudden departure for the Continent reveals to her what she might easily have known before, that she does not really care for Giuliani and is desperately in love with the later arrival. For the first time in the book, she acts in a rational manner, and, in answer to a letter from Giuliani, who addresses her under the inspiration of a dream, she writes to break off her engagement with him. And thus the first half of the book's title is realized, and, as the heading of the chapter admonishes us, "Lill Breaks."

We now, therefore, go on to the paying part of the story. In due time of course Sir Frederick returns, proposes, and is promptly accepted. But alas for the instability of human happiness! Before they have been married a fortnight, a former flame of Sir Frederick's meets them at a German watering-place, and considerably sends Lill a packet of letters which, previously to his marriage, Sir Frederick had written to her. Lill is seized with a furious and unreasonable fit of jealousy; and before she has managed to recover her temper, her husband is obliged to hurry off to Paris on business. Acting, as usual, under the impulse of the moment, she writes and proposes to him that they shall remain apart for a year. To this foolish request Sir Frederick unfortunately assents. Lill, in company with a Mrs. Townsend, betakes herself to Genoa, and grows pale and haggard over her fancied grievances. After a few months passed in this way, Giuliani again appears on the stage, and consents, with heroic magnanimity, to try to reconcile the self-willed wife to the husband for whose sake she had rejected him. Being expressly informed by the author that Giuliani's sufferings during the process were torturing in the extreme, we are of necessity forced to believe it. But otherwise the scene is commonplace enough, as it does not appear to us anything very heroic even for an old lover to tell an undutiful wife that she ought to return to her husband, and not doubt his affection. Matters being at last satisfactorily arranged—the wife's jealousy subdued, and the husband's forgiveness accorded—the last chapter opens with the cheering announcement of Sir Frederick's expected arrival to reclaim the fair penitent. But unhappily the exigencies of the book's title forbade a happy reunion. On the very day her husband reached Genoa, Lill wanders out into the garden, is shot through the heart, and thereby, it seems, pays the penalty of having broken her former contract. Accordingly, the title of the book is put emphatically as the heading of the last chapter.

Foolish and unnatural as parts of this novel may seem from the sketch we have here given of it, it is yet not devoid of interest nor wanting in a certain amount of cleverness. The title is, indeed, a decided misnomer, and is only intelligible on the supposition we have unwillingly adopted, that the author means Lill's accidental death to be regarded as a Providential judgment on her broken faith. This, however, is no great matter, except that so marked a title may raise expectations in the reader which the story will hardly justify, and has evidently constrained the author to a less natural and satisfactory conclusion than might otherwise have been chosen. But our chief complaint against the book is that the characters are too sketchy and unsubstantial. Even the most prominent figures are not delineated with that care and elaboration to which they were reasonably entitled. The author has continually to speak for his characters, and perform the part of showman to each in succession, instead of allowing them to speak for themselves and cast their own shadows on the wall. Another fault in *Who Breaks—Pays*, and perhaps the indirect cause of several more, is the reckless introduction at every turn of new performers, who hardly do more than make their bow and retire.

* *Who Breaks—Pays*. By the Author of "Cousin Stella." Two Vols. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1861.

In the case of most, it is a relief to be rid of them, but some are deserving of better treatment. Perhaps the cleverest and most original character in the whole book is Mrs. Townsend, who comes in rather abruptly for a few chapters, charms the reader with her wit and liveliness, and then, in a sudden fit of penitence, vanishes into some semi-cloistral retreat. When, again, towards the close of the book, she emerges from her temporary seclusion, she seems to have grown as dull and uninteresting as the most austere anchoress could desire.

On the whole, we look upon this novel rather as the promise of better things than as possessing any very high merit in itself. There is enough originality and power in some portions of it to indicate what the author might do with more care and attention to details. The ambitious attempt to crowd into the compass of a single novel a multitude of incongruous characters, only brought into temporary juxtaposition and with no natural connexion, must almost inevitably perplex the narrative and mar the general effect. It produces much the same result on the mind as the blending together of inharmonious colours does upon the eye. One really well-conceived and skilfully drawn figure is far preferable to a dozen clever, but hasty and unfinished sketches. As we have said, the defect in the book before us lies more in the execution than in the conception. If the author will in future only concentrate his powers on one or two leading characters, instead of dissipating them over a number, he will probably do himself greater justice and deserve a higher eulogium than we are now able to bestow.

FOOD AND ITS DIGESTION.*

THERE is a blissful period in our lives when we know nothing of digestion—when the terms digestible and indigestible are as mysterious as the *konz ompax*. There are blissful beings who pass their whole lives in this grand ignorance. They can eat anything without apprehension. They only ask, Is it pleasant? never, Is it wholesome? Unhappily, such organisms are seldom found among the brain-workers; and in this crowded, struggling, over-stimulated "parliament of nations," the brain-workers are preponderant. Hence the wide-spread consciousness of the existence of a stomach. Hence the pressing necessity of some scientific knowledge of the digestive process. Hence the value of works like the one by Dr. Brinton. It is a work embracing the last results of science, and is addressed to the general public. It is popular, in the sense of not being technical; but it is as scientific in spirit and in matter as the work of an eminent physiologist is expected to be. An original investigator, Dr. Brinton has earned the right to be heard—a lecturer, he has acquired the art of exposition.

Dr. Brinton first lays down the general principles respecting the need of food and the nature of food, and then gives a lucid description of the digestive organs and the digestive processes. There is perhaps too much of this, if the work be considered solely with reference to the general public; but it is difficult for a scientific man to restrain himself in the scientific parts of his subject; and many readers will be thankful to have the information which others will skip. Then comes an excellent chapter on the varieties of animal food, succeeded by one on the varieties of vegetable food. A chapter is given to condiments; one to tea and coffee; and one to alcoholic drinks. Cookery also passes under review, and the remainder of the work is devoted to diet.

It is obvious that a work embracing so many topics can only receive a general notice at our hands. Each chapter would furnish an article. Let us glance at what is said about tea and coffee, and alcoholic drinks. That tea and coffee are capable of replacing a certain quantity of food, as well as of rapidly restoring exhausted energies, no one doubts. Yet, as Dr. Brinton says, to decide the exact nutritive value of tea and coffee is a task beyond existing knowledge. That they are useful no less than pleasant is certain; but in what precise way they are useful, physiology is unable to answer:—

They economize and partially replace assimilable food, rendering the appetite somewhat less keen, and so enabling hunger to be appeased by a smaller or less nourishing alimentary ration. And they further seem to diminish the constitutional, as well as the digestive, requirements of the system; not only allaying hunger, but permitting nutrition to be maintained at what is its normal level under a systematically more scanty or monotonous allowance of food.

It has been thought that the experiments instituted with a view to solve this problem have proved the action of tea and coffee to be that of *diminishing* the bodily waste. Such a conclusion very well fits with the facts; but it happens to be in direct contradiction with the physiological axiom (based on the law of the conservation of force—that nothing can come out of nothing, and no force can be created) that vital activities are strictly dependent on *waste* of tissue. If, therefore, tea and coffee diminish bodily waste, they must (unless our philosophy halts) diminish the vital activities. If they increase the activities they must increase the waste. Dr. Brinton is struck by this contradiction; and he is led by it to throw greater emphasis on the experiments which seem to disprove the results previously obtained. He thinks the German experimenters have overlooked

some important conditions; and that the more accurate investigations of Dr. Smith confirm his own researches as to the *greater* waste produced by tea and coffee. On this point, however, the reader must consult Dr. Brinton's volume for himself.

The chapter on Alcoholic Drinks is peculiarly valuable, not only from the information it contains, and its important physiological discussion, but from the wise and temperate attitude preserved on the question of Teetotalism. Dr. Brinton vividly describes the uses and the dangers of alcohol. He candidly admits all the chief positions of teetotalers—that even a moderate daily ingestion of alcohol diminishes the capacity of the body for resisting extremes of temperature—that men are cooler in hot climates, and warmer in cold climates, under total abstinence—that exertion in all its more active forms, whether the activity find vent in short but excessive muscular effort, or in a more sustained but less violent action, is lessened by alcohol, careful observation having shown that even a moderate dose of beer or wine, in most cases, diminishes at once the maximum weight which a person could lift—that mental effort is likewise reduced by it. But with these facts full in view, he pronounces decidedly against teetotalism. "The practice of physic sufficiently teaches us that there are many persons whose health is bettered and life protracted by the discreet use of alcohol." While he admits that teetotalism is quite compatible with health under some conditions, he emphatically declares that, if we take the customary life of those constituting the masses of our towns, we shall find reason to doubt. It is singular, he remarks, how few healthy teetotalers are to be met with in our ordinary inhabitants of cities:—

Glancing back over the many years during which this question has been forced upon the author by his professional duties, he may estimate that he has sedulously examined not less than from 50,000 to 70,000 persons, including many thousands in perfect health. Wishing, and even expecting, to find it otherwise, he is obliged to confess that he has hitherto met with but very few perfectly healthy middle-aged persons successfully pursuing any arduous metropolitan calling under teetotal habits. On the other hand, he has known many total abstainers whose apparently sound constitutions have given way with unusual and frightful rapidity when attacked by casual disease; and many more who, with the strongest resolution and inclination to abstain from alcohol, have been obliged to resume its moderate use, from reasons no less valid and imperious than those which, 1800 years ago induced an inspired Saint to prescribe it for a Teetotal Bishop.

This is valuable testimony from an unimpeachable source. Indeed the whole force of the teetotal doctrine lies in its fastening on the effects of abuse, and in its preposterous assumption (contradicted every day by the experience of millions) that moderate indulgence must inevitably lead to excess—though one does not see why the moderate stimulus of beer or wine should inevitably lead to excess, when the moderate stimulus of tea and coffee is never suspected of such a vicious tendency, or why we should constantly be told that if we begin by drinking a pint of beer a day, we must fatally increase that pint to a quart, that quart to a gallon, that gallon to a cask a day, when it is palpable that we do not increase our quantity, but grow old upon our pint. This, like so many other arguments of the teetotalers, gives us but a moderate opinion of the effect of total abstinence on the intellectual faculties.

It may greatly interest our readers to know that Dr. Brinton confirms the popular opinion in France respecting the superiority of Bordeaux over Burgundy wines, not only as being less heady, but more wholesome, because they contain larger quantities of tannin, of salts, and of iron. In respect of iron, the difference is about 15 to 1 in favour of Bordeaux; and as a tonic this must be very important.

We ought not to omit a notice of the wood engravings from original drawings with which the work is illustrated; and in conclusion we may say that whoever wishes to know "all about" that very important and eminently troublesome function, the digestion, should carefully study this compendium, which is among the very best that we are acquainted with.

BATEMAN ON THE BARROWS OF DERBYSHIRE AND STAFFORDSHIRE.*

UNDER the ill-chosen title of *Ten Years' Diggings*, Mr. Thomas Bateman, of Youghgrave in Derbyshire, lays before the public, in this volume, the results of his recent researches in the Celtic, Romano-British, and Saxon barrows which abound in his own county and in the adjacent moorlands of North Staffordshire. The author, who is the local secretary for Derbyshire of the Society of Antiquaries, is known by a former work on the same subject. He has probably had more experience than any living antiquary in the excavation of barrows, and his investigations have been rewarded by the discovery of innumerable relics, which already form a very considerable collection. It is greatly to be regretted that the volume before us is both ill arranged and ill written. The author is entirely without literary power. Long rambling sentences, not even grammatically constructed, often fail to express the writer's obvious meaning. And for want of some power of generalization, the valuable facts here collected, and all the varied learning of the compiler, are to a great extent thrown away. In fact, the book is little more than an aggregation of separate notices of the barrows successively opened by Mr. Bateman and one or two colleagues. The repetition is end-

* On Food and its Digestion. Being an Introduction to Dietetics. By William Brinton, M.D., Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital. London: Longmans. 1861.

* Ten Years' Diggings in Celtic and Saxon Gravehills, from 1848 to 1858. By Thomas Bateman. London: J. R. Smith. 1861.

less, and many pages are printed which merely add bulk to the volume, without contributing a single new fact to our knowledge of the subject. The best that can be said for the book is, that here at least is a large collection of trustworthy details, which some subsequent antiquary may perhaps reduce into orderly shape and method.

Mr. Bateman does not even grapple with the first puzzling question which arises in connexion with the subject. Any one who knows the bleak uplands of the tract of mountain limestone between the Dove and the Wye, and the wild inaccessible moors of the mill-stone grit which encircle it on all sides, forming the lower plateau of the High Peak, will wonder how it is that a district so forbidding and inhospitable should show so many remains of human habitation even in pre-historic times. It is easy to understand how, in that remote region, barrows when once formed are little likely to be destroyed. Mounds are seldom levelled except by agricultural operations; and in North Derbyshire and North Staffordshire, where wheat will not ripen, the ploughing required for the cultivation of a few oats has not been very destructive to the earthworks raised by former generations. Then, again, in a district where stone is plentiful, and soil is scarce, a barrow becomes naturally very indestructible. Mr. Bateman refers more than once to the difficulty of making any impression on the large rocky barrow called Steeplow, at Alstonefield in Staffordshire, which indeed, in spite of several partially successful attempts, remains practically unexplored. It is easy to tunnel into a mound of earth; but to penetrate into a mass of loose stones is at least as bad as to quarry into a native rock. The wonder is, not that these barrows, having been once raised, should remain to this day crowning every ridge and summit of the Pennine hills, but that sepulchres of such importance should so abound in such a district. It is evident from the relics found in many of these barrows that they were the last resting-places, not merely of hunters and peasants, but of chiefs, and persons of rank and station. The district itself, which is still almost inaccessible and very sparsely peopled, could scarcely have been the ordinary residence of numerous wealthy and powerful chieftains. Perhaps it was the custom in those early ages to which these interments belong to bring the corpses of warriors or rulers into the hill country for burial. Upon this point Mr. Bateman's opinion would be worth knowing. He could probably tell us, for instance, whether the whole of the Pennine range, from its southern extremity till it loses itself in the Cheviots, is full of such barrows, or whether they abound chiefly in the lower end of the chain which is encircled by the broad southward bend of the valley of the Trent. The book before us is confined to Derbyshire and Staffordshire (with the exception of a portion of the East Wolds of Yorkshire, near Pickering, explored by Mr. Ruddock). But this may only be because Mr. Bateman himself is a dweller in the High Peak. Other parts of the backbone and watershed of England may only seem to be less full of these remains of antiquity—*carent quia vate sacro*. Judging, indeed, from any map, the word "low" or "law"—that is, the Saxon *hlæw*, meaning a grave or barrow—is almost as common a termination in the names of hills and places in the northern part of the chain as it is in the region which has been so perseveringly explored by Mr. Bateman. And if so, we may look forward to many more discoveries as to the manners and habits of the early inhabitants of these islands, when other antiquaries shall be led by the example of our author to excavate the "lows" in their own neighbourhoods.

Mr. Bateman has not even made his present volume a manual for such explorers as may wish to imitate him. What is wanted now is such a methodical classification of the barrows already examined that any one might, upon opening a similar tomb, be able to decide at once its age and nationality. This is no longer so difficult a task as might be supposed. From the method of forming the grave, from the cremation of the remains or otherwise, from the weapons, ornaments, utensils, coins, &c., found in the tomb, from the remains of other animals discovered in the barrow, and from the conclusions of that new branch of anatomical science called craniology, it is quite possible for an experienced explorer to decide with approximate certainty as to the date of any given barrow. But in this task, Mr. Bateman, though more qualified for it than most people, gives us no direct assistance. With the exception of a brief and almost unreadable introduction, the reader is left to draw his own conclusions from the rambling chronological narratives of the excavations themselves.

We know from Tacitus that the Teutonic tribes were in the habit of burning their dead and burying the urns containing the ashes in barrows. The Scandinavians also buried in barrows, and sometimes they confined their dead in boats or in the trunks of trees. The Celtic graves in Gaul and Britain were generally a rude stone vault, or chamber, or chest, called a *Kist-vaen*, covered over by a mound. The body was sometimes burnt and inurned, but sometimes buried in its natural state. What used to be called a cromlech is now recognised as one of these vaults denuded of its tumulus. The Celtic graves explored by Mr. Bateman contain cinerary urns of various shapes, of imperfectly baked clay, drinking-cups, incense-cups—weapons of stone, flint, bone, and bronze, such as hammer-heads, arrows, celts, and daggers—beads, and ornaments of bone, amber, jet, and Kimmeridge coal—besides horns of the red deer, and tusks of the wild boar. The Celtic barrows seem to have

been frequently used over again by the later Saxons. In a proper Saxon barrow, the grave was generally excavated slightly, and not, as in the earlier form, made on the natural level of the ground. Among the usual contents of Saxon graves are enumerated swords, spears, knives, bosses of shields, helmets, buckles; beads of amber, amethyst, variegated glass and porcelain; brooches of gold or copper ornamented with filigree work, and enriched with settings of garnets and coloured glass; pins of gold or bronze, silver needles, glass tumblers, ivory combs, and small bronze thread boxes. "These," says Mr. Bateman, "are the most modern barrows in this country, as in the sixth century of the Christian era, not very long after the settlement of the Saxons in England, they embraced Christianity, and consequently soon discontinued their Pagan rites, amongst which barrow burial held a prominent position, and which they were unwillingly induced finally to abandon."

We propose now to notice briefly a few of the more remarkable discoveries which have rewarded the enterprise of Mr. Bateman and his colleagues. A short distance from the well-known Druidical circle of Arborlow, there is a large barrow called Gib Hill. In this a cist was found, not (as was expected) at the base, but nearly at the top of the tumulus. We regret to add that this cist was removed "to the garden at Lomerdale House, where it now remains." It might well have been left in its original place. A local museum is a nuisance when it is formed by the spoliation of the neighbourhood. The Celtic barrow of a man of very humble rank at Parcelly Hay (a name unexplained), near Hartington, revealed a skeleton in a sitting posture. The skull has been engraved in Davis and Thurnam's *Crania Britannica*, its internal capacity being 72½ ounces. This is judged to be of immense antiquity, since a later interment above it has its date fixed, by a granite axe-head and a bronze dagger, as belonging to the earliest or archaic bronze period. The typical female British skull from the same work came from a small barrow near Arborlow. This skeleton had a curious necklace, made of 420 pieces of beads, jet, and bone, which is considered one of the finest examples of the ornaments of the pre-metallic period. Further on we reach a fact which seems important to be remembered. Mr. Bateman asserts that all the earliest Celtic graves show the skeleton laid on its left side with the knees drawn up. In the "iron" period the bodies were laid at full length. It is not thoroughly explained why in the earliest barrows the skeletons are covered with "myriads of water rat's bones," which are sometimes calcined. We gather also that while the Celtic graves were filled with natural earth, the soil was always more or less tempered with some corrosive liquid in Saxon tombs. End Low, near Hartington, which Mr. Kemble explains as "Giant's barrow," furnished a well-formed skull of the ancient British type. The femur of this skeleton measured 18.8 inches, which is not long enough to justify the name of the barrow.

One of the most ancient barrows here described is that on Baley Hill, by Dove Dale, opened by Mr. Carrington of Wetton. This contained a very large wild boar's tusk. A pair of bone tweezers, also found, belonged to a later interment. Of Romano-British graves, the chambered barrow at Minninglow is a good example; while of the Saxon date may be mentioned that at Benty Grange, near Buxton, where the leather drinking-cup, helmet, and enamel, bespeak a thegn of high rank. An equally curious barrow of a Saxon lady was opened at Hurd Low, in the same neighbourhood; while at New Inns, nearer to Ashbourne, Mr. Carrington found a set of bone draughtsmen of the pagan Saxon period. Many of the tumuli here noticed have as yet been only partially examined. The large cairn on Wolfscote Hill, near Beresford Dale, seems to be one of these; and also a large barrow at Sheen, near a hamlet called the Brund, a word which Mr. Kemble has explained as indicating the heathen rite of interment by cremation. It is remarkable that in this Sheen barrow "about a yard from the bottom, a thin ferruginous seam ran through the mound, perfectly solid and hard like pottery, which might possibly be the effect of heat." A large barrow on Hazleton Hill, near Ilam, was found to contain many calcined bones, burnt on the spot and afterwards collected. Wetton, in the same district, is richer than most of the adjacent parishes. In a mound near Thor's Cave, Mr. Carrington discovered a stone vessel, such as is seldom found except in Scotland and the Shetlands, and also a bronze kettle. Again, in a barrow on the summit of Wetton Near Hill, some skeletons were found with a curious acro-cephalic cranium, more resembling the Turkish than the Celtic type. A platy-cephalic skull belonged to the skeleton of an old man in the same barrow. "The occurrence of two crania," remarks Mr. Carrington, "of the most opposite extremes of aberration from the ordinary Celtic type in one tumulus is most remarkable, and cannot fail to interest craniographers." This peculiar boat-shaped or cymbe-cephalic skull is "by some considered as the type of an ancient race, by others as merely a tribal or family variation." We conclude with a notice of the discovery of a site of a Romano-British village, near the same place, in some fields called the "Borough Hill," in the parish of Wetton. This settlement seems to have been surrounded by banks of earth. The floors of the houses, paved with rough limestone, still remain. Fragments of earthenware, tiles and pottery, ashes and charcoal, the teeth, bones, and horns of animals, abound. Mr. Carrington even ventures to call this place "the very Pompeii of North Staffordshire." Stone querns

and iron implements, coins of Gallienus and Constantine, have also come to light. There is nothing to make it probable that this village was hastily abandoned, so that the remains are neither so numerous nor so interesting as they might have been had the inhabitants been suddenly removed or destroyed. It would seem that these semi-barbarous people lived among the piled-up bones of the animals which they slew for food, like beasts of prey in their dens. An appendix gives a list of the barrows or lows in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, so far as they have been yet collected. It is evident that, from local tradition, or from the deeds and terriers of landed property, or from the tithe valuations, this useful list might be indefinitely extended, and we commend the task to the local antiquaries.

POLICE EXPERIENCES.*

WE have here a second volume of stories from the note-book of Mr. M'Levy, of the Edinburgh Police. We noticed the former volume in terms of praise which are equally applicable to that now before us. The author seems to have been moved to this further effort partly by the consideration that he had still many good things to tell, and partly by the desire to testify to the excellent effect which he thinks has been produced by Ragged and Industrial Schools, in lessening the number of that class of thieves who have become such because they never from their births had a chance given to them of earning a living honestly. Mingled with descriptions of the strange scenes in which M'Levy acted so efficiently, are his reflections upon the past and probable future history of the offenders whom he brings to justice. The stories are amusing, and neatly and dramatically told, and the observations merit attention from the position and character of the man who makes them.

The first chapter is devoted to one or two cases in which the police of Edinburgh were baffled by the ingenuity of thieves. M'Levy says that he has had these cases thrown in his teeth, but "they are not cases of mine, anyhow." One of the most successful artists of the tender sex that ever appeared in Edinburgh was Jean Brash. A mercantile traveller from Birmingham was caught by her demure deportment, and the pair betook themselves to what Jean called the house of a "decent woman," being really her own abode. Here, after a short interval, the commercial gentleman discovered that he had been robbed of a 100l. note. He rushed downstairs and bawled for a constable. A constable came while the gentleman was keeping watch at the door. Hurrying up stairs they found Jean in an easy state of conscious innocence. She adjured the constable to search the house and her own person, and to satisfy himself that the unfortunate man was in error. For that purpose she handed to him a lighted candle placed in a brass candlestick, and well fixed there by a round of paper, so as to stand upright and steady. The constable searched for the missing note with this candle fixed by the paper roll. He failed in his search, and the gentleman gave up all hope of recovering the note. Jean was left quietly in her state of innocence; and at her own time she undid from the candle's end the piece of paper, of which the reader will guess the value. M'Levy expresses his regret that he was not present to hold the candle during this search. On another occasion, Jean was pursuing her vocation at an hour late enough and dark enough to inspire adventurers with confidence to flirt a little with the coy damsel without danger of detection by curious friends. There are, as M'Levy says, numbers of these shy and frolicsome fish who are fond of poking their noses into the meshes without any intention of entering the seine. The regular street-walkers, such as Jean, are quite up to these "night-moths," hate them heartily, and sometimes make them pay gold coin for silver words. With one of these flutterers round the candle-light of impurity our heroine had forgotten; and as he squeezed one soft hand, the other visited his pocket. The youth cried out to a passing constable that he had been robbed of a 5l. note. The constable immediately laid hold of Jean; and as there were no passers-by to complicate the affair, the money would, of course, be got upon the instant. At least, so it might have been thought; but the youth and the constable searched Jean's pockets, and turned the bull's-eye on the pavement all around without result. She was then taken to the police-office, and examined by a female searcher, but still no note was found. The officer on duty was satisfied that there must have been some mistake. A day or two passed. No more was heard of the young man. The constable was again upon his beat about the same hour. Up comes Jean, and says she has a secret to tell him. The dialogue which follows is very well imagined by the author, who, of course, did not hear it, nor any trustworthy report of it. The substance of it is, that Jean's conscience is troubled, and she desires to return the note to the young man. She will not give it openly to the policeman, but if he will search the deep cuff of his coat, after she is gone, he may find it there. As she speaks, her nimble fingers are thrust into the cuff, and she runs off. The constable searches, and finds nothing. The fact was, that Jean had, during the conversation, abstracted from his cuff the note which she had placed there at the instant of her seizure, and which he had unconsciously carried about with him

for two days. M'Levy tells this story without warranting its truth; and he adds, that he should like to have been the policeman who wore the coat with the deep cuff.

Let us now turn to M'Levy's own experiences. A house had been entered by thieves while closed during its master's absence. The premises had been deliberately ransacked, and all articles of value and easily portable had been selected and carried off. Among them was a musical box, regarding which M'Levy chanced to ask the late proprietor what tunes it played. He mentioned the "Blue Bells of Scotland." M'Levy made the usual searches for the stolen property, but with small hope and no success. One evening, being on what he calls a "watch-saunter," he passed a tavern frequented by thieves. Just as he came to the open door, his attention was arrested by a low and delicate sound. It was the above-named tune played upon a musical-box. He entered the house, and learned that the box had been left there by two men who had just gone out after drinking, and had apparently forgotten it. The landlady knew the name of one of the men, and M'Levy, when he heard it, knew the man and his haunts. He went immediately and seized the thieves and all the stolen property. This story illustrates in a remarkable manner the importance to a detective of keeping his ears and eyes always open. In another chapter the same lesson may be learned from the discovery of the perpetrators of almost daily robberies from larders. The thieves were exceedingly dainty. It was only the fine pieces of meat that would please them, and they did not seem to care for cold meat. For some time M'Levy could make no discovery. Who, he asks, could trace a leg of mutton after it was cut up and eaten? There were no pawn-tickets for joints or beefsteaks, and the depredators were generally so hungry that they would not be likely to keep the meat, after stealing it, to improve the flavour. There was no chance of taking them in the fact, for they never tried the same larder a second time. M'Levy had given up hope, when one night he happened to go into a shop and hear one Mrs. Biddy Riddel, who was by birth an O'Neil, and came, like himself, from Ireland, ask for half an ounce of tea, an ounce of sugar, and an ounce of real Durham mustard. The demand for the last-named article struck both M'Levy and the grocer as singular; and the latter ventured to remark that that quantity of mustard would go a far way with Mrs. Riddel. The lady, not altogether relishing the observation, explained that the mustard was wanted to make a blister for her son's throat; and further stated that, although she might be now experiencing, as the grocer had assumed, a deficiency of salt-meat with which to consume the mustard, yet in her paternal home at Ballynagh pigs were kept, so that the family did not need "to tie the bit o' bacon to the ind o' the string and swallow it, and thin pull it out agin." The dialogues which occur in M'Levy's stories, whether reported or imagined, or produced by a combination of these processes, are highly humorous. Mrs. Riddel went on to assert that the bacon at Ballynagh was "just purty white and red where it should be; and we had mustard, too, galore, when we wanted it." Mrs. Riddel walked grandly from the shop, and the incident had passed out of M'Levy's mind, when next day he saw her son Billy, who was a chimney-sweeper, smoking a pipe and looking as if he had been at work that morning. In answer to M'Levy's kind inquiries the son stated that he had not had a sore throat, and that no mustard poultice had been applied to it. M'Levy was startled at the discrepancy between the story of the lady of Ballynagh and that of her son. He thought about this apparently trivial matter a good deal, but did not yet see any connexion between it and the plundering of larders. He only considered that things seemed to be out of their natural fitness, and that some circumstance was required to be known to bring them into harmony. In the evening of the following day, M'Levy was strolling on a general look-out, when he saw a sweep coming along with a leg of mutton in his hand. The sweep proved to be his friend Buly. M'Levy insisted on Billy and the leg of mutton following him to the office, where he left them, and proceeded to Mrs. Riddel's lodging. He found there the larger part of the interesting ounce of mustard unconsumed, and also a fine piece of salt beef. Just as he got back to the office a cook came and reported the theft of a leg of mutton, so it appeared he had not gone too far in apprehending Billy. But there might be difficulty as to identification. However, the cook had marked the leg to distinguish it from another which had not hung so long, and besides, she could swear to the string by which she had suspended it. M'Levy could not get the piece of salt beef identified, but Billy was convicted of the theft of the leg of mutton.

We must give one more example of M'Levy's dramatic skill. He is great in expressing the feelings of mothers who had seen their sons fall within his grasp. Andrew Ireland, a climber of remarkable activity, who could go where cats would shudder, had dropped off a wall into M'Levy's arms, laden with poultry which he had stolen on the other side. He was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment, but escaped by climbing through a skylight. M'Levy could get no trace of him for months, but was satisfied that he was lurking in the Old Town. One day he encountered a funeral procession formed by ragged Irishmen. A poor woman came up and told him that it was his work. Her name was Ireland, and her speech was Irish. She said that she was burying her son, who had been killed by M'Levy's persecution. He offered consolation in the remark that there were no skylights

* *The Sliding Scale of Life; or, Thirty Years' Observations of Falling Men and Women in Edinburgh.* By James M'Levy (Edinburgh Police Detective Staff), Author of "Curiosities of Crime in Edinburgh." Edinburgh: Nimmo. London: Houston and Wright. 1861.

to the graves, and Andrew would not climb out to do any more evil. "Skylights! ay, but there is; and Andrew Ireland will climb out and get to Heaven, while you, you varmint, will be breaking firewood in h— to roast their honours the judges who condemned my innocent darling." M'Levy did not feel altogether comfortable, for, as he says, there is something in these wild lives, when wound up by death, that is really touching. However, he walked up to the office, and there got notice of the robbery of a silversmith's workshop. His investigation of the case led to no conclusion except that the robbery had probably been committed by two unknown chimney-sweepers. Hereupon he became excessively interested in all persons of this class; and as features are difficult to discern through a mask of soot, he was in the habit of walking up to any sweep he met, and asking for a light to his pipe, so as to get a close inspection. A considerable time after the robbery, he happened to see two sweeps smoking loungingly, and contemplating, in the hand of one of them, some article which had a silvery look. The usual artifice gave M'Levy an opportunity of scanning a face which seemed to shrink under his eye. The features were familiar; but still he was for a while at fault, and continued the conversation until he got the clue. "Andrew Ireland, when did you come out of the Canonage churchyard?" All denial was in vain. The silver article which M'Levy had seen glancing in the sooty hand proved to be part of the stolen property. This remarkable exemplification of M'Levy's keenness of sight and strength of memory brought the buried son of the widow Ireland to transportation.

Our object in taking up this book has been amusement, and therefore we do not dwell upon those less inviting parts of it in which the author expresses his despair of any good result in checking crime from punishment, and his hope in the system of Ragged and Industrial Schools, which he thinks will provide even for thieves' children the means of gaining a livelihood without thieving. These passages of M'Levy's book would have deserved attention from the philosophers who have been lately meeting in the capital of his native country. The only possible exception to be taken to this contribution to social science is that M'Levy's style, even when he advocates Ragged-schools, retains some liveliness, nor does he wholly lose his aptitude for jokes. If he could amend these faults he might be worthy to read a paper at the next Social Science Congress.

STUDIES FROM LIFE.*

THE public has long ago agreed to accept the authoress of *John Halifax* as one of its favourites, and there is no denying that she is a lady who thinks sensibly and writes *con amore* on those subjects which interest her, displaying in all she does that taste, ability, and generous feeling which have raised and will maintain her in her present position. Published collectively, these *Studies from Life* strike the reader as exhibiting a narrow range of thought. Her short flights of fancy skim, as it were, the surface of many subjects, but do not ruffle the depths below. She is unambitious, but strikes the chord of universal sympathies, and her papers seem to be precisely suited to the journal in which they appeared and to be adapted to the general magazine reader. Articles are suggested by everyday scenes. A short railway journey, a country or town walk, pet birds or cats, a sentence—anything is sufficient to originate a train of superficial thought which is pleasant, just as conversation is often pleasant, more from the manner than the matter. Nothing seems easier than the manufacture of magazine articles from such common materials. Every one may fancy they could make a *Voyage autour de ma Chambre*, but as yet, Xavier de Maistre has imitators, but no rival. Nothing can conceal the fact that there is an unmistakably feminine stamp on all the authoress of *John Halifax* has written, nor will she take it amiss to be told that her sex is proclaimed in all she thinks and says. Her *Studies from Life* are chiefly remarkable for graphic power and observation. In *Les Femmes*, Alphonse Karr has not caricatured or exaggerated the faculty of women for observation, and he does not know whether to be most surprised at the rapidity or the accuracy of their perceptions. As an illustration of this he describes a lady at church apparently absorbed, perhaps really occupied, in her devotions, her eyes scarcely lifted from her books; yet, when questioned, not a single object, nor a detail of the dress of those around, has escaped her observation, almost as unconsciously made as remembered. Everybody must have remarked that, if an average man and woman go into a strange room, the woman has seen twice as much of its contents as the man. Robert Houdin has curiously shown to what a miraculous degree the faculty of observation can be cultivated and the memory strengthened. One knows how most people see what it specially interests them to look for, and observe just what they have educated themselves to see. Women are more childlike in their capacity for curious and indiscriminate observations of external objects. The authoress of *Studies from Life* illustrates this; and she is distinguished from other clever women, not that she sees more or deeper, but that she records her impressions in a lively, natural style.

Travelling companions are eminently suggestive subjects to discourse upon, and they furnish many studies—or rather, slight sketches. Even short journeys are "fruitful in episodes to one who generally travels second-class and alone"—for in it the

passengers are more communicative and less conventional. "Can it be that clothes and purses do not confer that unquestionable respectability which it is generally supposed they do? Else why, in spite of silk gowns, unexceptional broadcloth, and so on, can first-class never trust itself to itself, but must stare in mute investigation of its own merit and position till within a county or so of its terminus, when repentance and satisfied gentility come quite too late?" The writer makes use of the material to be found in second-class carriages; and on one occasion is startled to find a neat little story she had imagined about a fat, impassive face utterly destroyed:—

The sea-captain was, I saw, fast becoming the hero of the carriage. I could only see his black curls; but I was amused by the face opposite to him—"fat, fair, and forty"—thoroughly English, and set off in thoroughly English taste by yellow flowers inside a bright-red bonnet: bourgeoisie to the core. She might have never trod beyond the safe pavement of some snug provincial town, save when once—for she wore a bracelet that I felt sure was bought at the Crystal Palace—dragged up to London to bring down to admiring neighbours her report of its wonders. A comfortable, jolly, impassive face, which listened with a sort of patronising smile, I thought, to the wonders of the deep, as detailed by the sailor. I never was more astonished in my life than when, in a pause of the anecdote—it was an account of some attack at sea—Mrs. Red-Bonnet observed in the quietest drawl:

"Yes, they thought the bursting o' that cannon would ha' killed him; but I just laid him down on a table in the cabin, and I plastered his face all over with wadding, and cut two holes for his eyes, and he got well somehow. There beant no partic'lar scar left—eh? You see?" Appealing to the carriage generally, as a mild recognition of her personal property in the aforesaid black curls and broad shoulders, which nodded acquiescence.

"Ay, ay—they'd have finished me, more than once, but for her there." "Her," smiled; and in the aforesaid meek drawl continued: "Yes, we'd some bad business in that nigger trade. Do you remember the blackie that was nigh killing you asleep in the cabin?—only I happened to come in, and stuck a sword into him. I helped to throw the other three black rascals overboard; I was a strong woman then."

And the lazy blue eyes drooped, and the fat cheeks smiled, in amiable deprecation; while the whole carriage looked with amazed curiosity at this middle-aged matronly Thalestris whom we had got among us.

This induces the remark that no one with ordinary experience of life allows himself to be guided by physiognomy in his estimate of character. Sometimes an index, it is as often false; and many faces are mere masks concealing what lies behind. How little value is to be attached to the expression of faces in repose may be remarked in a great crowd when under the influence of the same strong emotion—when the stare of vacancy has a strong likeness to the gaze of intent thought—and unless personally acquainted, it would be dangerous to decide which was which. This identity of expression and diversity of feeling is exemplified in listeners to music, when an attitude may express absorbed delight, but rarely the face bespeaks more than attention.

Those *Studies* which please us best are devoted to childhood. The thoughts springing out of its earliest recollections are tender and true, and the writer makes a graceful use of her own vivid reminiscences. "Going out to Play," "Want something to Read," "Poor People's Children," are chapters which show a genuine sympathy in the wants of others, and some readers may find a practical hint. The Plea for Public Playgrounds is well-founded. There is, as she says, sufficient evidence to be gathered on the subject during an hour's walk along the streets of any crowded city. It is a womanly instinct which leads the authoress from reflecting on her own happy childhood, "when going out to play was an acknowledged daily necessity, and its incidents formed the largest feature in her recollections," to the uncareful-for childhood of a new generation growing up in poverty and neglect, belonging to "that class upon which society depends mainly for health, labour, and industry":—

Reflecting on these facts of our childhood—though we were brought up with at least as much care as falls to the lot of middle-class children generally—recalling our daily risks of life and limb, and moral contamination—though this latter was small peril, as it is to all who have the safeguard of a good and innocent home; and yet remembering what a boundless enjoyment, what a vital necessity was to us this going out to play; we cannot but ponder deeply on the lot of those other children whom we used to envy for being allowed to play anywhere and anyhow, without being called in to the interruption of meals or the ignominy of bed. "Poor" children—as with genteel accentuation of the adjective, Dickens's *Miss Monfathers* terms them—we have come to think differently of them now. Not exactly for their poverty—hunger is sauce to any fare, short of no fare at all, and dirt makes a capital substitute for clothes. Except in the very depth of destitution, it is rarely the children who suffer most, at least consciously. Nevertheless, we view them with a full heart. We wonder how, in cities especially, they ever manage to arrive at maturity; or, so surviving, and blessed with their due share of limbs and bodily faculties, we marvel that they do not all turn out thieves, rogues, sluts—or worse.

There is nothing new in the endeavour to promote, or rather increase, the establishment of Parisian *crèches* in London, but even an article may call attention, or kindle interest anew, in Public Nurseries. We find that the idea of *crèches* dates as far back as 1844, and originated with a M. Marbeau. Investigating the Parisian Infant Schools, "where the working-mothers are in the habit of leaving for the day their children from two years old and upwards, the simple question struck him, What becomes of the said children *until* they have reached the prescribed two years? And on inquiries, he found the same course pursued, with the same terrible results, that we find in every large factory town—the inevitable separation of mother and infant during working hours, the employment of ignorant and brutal nurses at some trifle per day, and the enormous rate of infant mortality." The *crèche* first established in a wretched suburb of Paris was nothing more than a room with a few poor cradles and chairs, the nurses, two poor women out of work, to whom the mothers paid about

* *Studies from Life*. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1861.

twopence a day for keeping their infants from six A.M. to eight P.M. Crèches have flourished; and "from a single room, they have advanced to kitchens, wash-houses, workrooms, gardens, and even to the distribution of soups and porridge to the poor mothers at stated times." We commend this account of the establishment and superintendence of Public Nurseries to those lady mothers ready with hand and heart, not purse alone, to aid "poor people's children."

Amongst these miscellaneous "Studies from Life" there is one supposed to be written by a dead author, as a protest from the other world against the literary resurrectionists of modern times. On Medwin's *Recollections of Shelley*, the Laureate has uttered a cry of noble indignation, and said to perfection all that can best be said in rebuke to those who will not let the poet's ashes rest. We can understand the "Literary Ghoul's" objection to all biography as necessarily one-sided and imperfect, if not impertinent. She says, "I put it to the conscience of mortals whether 'a complete life' of any human being can be written, except by the pen of the recording angel." This is undoubtedly true, and she adds:—

Yet understand us. We ghosts do not wish to lay an embargo on all biographies; thereby annihilating the natural wish of the human heart to be remembered after death, and causing the worth and beauty of good men's histories to be indeed

Interred with their bones.

Not so. Everything that is great and noble, virtuous and heroic, in any author's life—in the life of any man or woman—by all means, after a decent time has elapsed, let it be faithfully narrated, for the comfort, instruction, and example of later generations. The world has a right to hear and exact such chronicles of its generations gone by.

But let us be chronicled, not as authors, because we have written a book or so worth reading, but because we have lived a life worth remembering; the story of which will have a beneficial influence on lives yet to come. If any incense poured upon, or saintly odours arising from, our mortal dust, can reach and delight us in our immortality, it must be thus to know that neither our doings nor our sufferings have been altogether in vain. And for all concerning us that was purely personal, in no ways differing from the rest of our species—which can neither "point a moral" nor "adorn a tale," but only minister to an idle and prurient curiosity—in charity's name let it be buried with us.

After this, we are surprised to read the remarks made on a recent touching memoir of a lamented authoress—"a shy, timid, suffering being, almost unknown, except through her books, until she died." This interesting life the "Literary Ghoul" gives as an example. She says it is written "carefully, delicately, and honestly, with due regard to the feelings of the living and the cherished memory of the dead—written doubtless as conscientiously as such a life could possibly have been written; but it ought never to have been written at all." In which final decision we cordially concur. Of course there are different opinions as to "delicacy" and "due regard to the feelings of the living," but we never expected to find the memoir in question cited as a model of delicate reticence and circumspection. We venture to think the subject of it would reverse the verdict of her sister authoress.

In conclusion, we can honestly say that this book, if it does not extend, will not diminish, the reputation of the accomplished author of *A Woman's Thoughts about Women*.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ONE of the most important subjects of the day in France is unquestionably centralization. It is no longer the political, but the administrative system enforced amongst our neighbours, that is attacked; and the number of works published on this topic since M. de Tocqueville's well-known volume amounts to something quite extraordinary. M. Elias Régnault enters the lists in his turn, and the octavo he has just published is an answer to the following queries:—"Is the concentration of all the vigour of a nation in the metropolis a source of power or of weakness? Is it a danger or a blessing? Should it be maintained or done away with?" M. Régnault, we need scarcely say, is a strenuous opponent of centralization; and the facts he adduces in support of his views are exceedingly conclusive. There is not the slightest doubt—to confine ourselves to the utilitarian view of the case—that, by giving to Paris an undue prestige, the Government is really placing itself at the mercy of the mob, and depriving itself, in the most wanton manner, of the support which it might derive from the zeal and good-will of the departments and rural districts. The word centralization implies an army of clerks, comptrollers, and bureaucrats, whose interests are entirely different from, and often opposed to, those of the country, and who are accordingly considered as enemies by the entire community. M. Régnault has very well pointed out the errors entertained by the Revolutionary school of publicists on the subject of centralization, and he has shown that—in this respect, at least—modern Liberals must, if they would be consistent, repudiate the traditions which they had hitherto been accustomed to respect. After applying to various administrative details the principle he maintains, our author, in the second part of his volume, gives a short history of the local franchises under the various dynasties of French Kings; and he concludes by the remark that the diffusion throughout the country of the habits of self-government is the only means of bringing back security, peace, and confidence.

On such a topic as the one of which we have just been speaking,

* *La Province, ce qu'elle est, ce qu'elle doit être.* Par Elias Régnault. Paris: Pagnerre. London: Jeffs.

it is quite natural that the Province, appearing in the quality of plaintiff, should wish to express its opinion. The third annual volume of *Varia*,* composed, we are told, by a brotherhood of Nancy journalists, is part of the complaint uttered against the panegyrist of bureaucracy. The objection is often raised, What are the claims of the Province to the influence which is asked on its behalf? If we may judge from *Varia*, its intellectual pretensions, at any rate, are of no mean order. Here we have six essays on political and historical subjects which would do credit to any Paris review; and, by way of *entremets sucré*, a delightful little tale, entitled, *Souvenirs d'Allemagne*, written for the sake, we suppose, of proving that the journalists of the *Courrier de la Meurthe*, are equally at home in the *feuilleton* as in the heavier departments of leading articles. Two hundred years ago, *Vous êtes bien Provincial* was tantamount to *What a fool you are!* At the present time, this exclamation would be quite meaningless; and this is probably the very reason why the Emperor will keep up the system of centralization as long as he possibly can. It is not safe, says he, to give too much power to such clever people.

M. Garnier Pagès, in the first three volumes of his history,† has described the revolutionary movements abroad during the course of the year 1848. He now takes us back to Paris, and retraces his steps as far as the year 1846, in order to make us the better understand the causes which brought about the establishment of the Republic. This interesting narrative has, we are told, been withheld for a long time from the public, and kept secret, so that the author might have the opportunity of correcting any mistakes, softening down any hasty statement, and thus convincing his readers that in the composition of his work he was not actuated by party spirit or by a feeling of revenge. We quite give credit to M. Garnier Pagès for his excellent intentions, and we are bound to say that he has acted up to his programme. Two things will strike more particularly those who read carefully the *Chûte de la Royauté*. The first is the want of decision on the side of the Government; and the second, the disunion which existed amongst the Republicans. With the unlimited means at the disposal of M. Guizot's Cabinet, it seems almost impossible that the insurrection should not have been suppressed as soon as it broke out; and with the conflicting opinions which divided the Revolutionists, there is no doubt that the universal desire for a few necessary reforms was sufficient to hasten the catastrophe. M. Garnier Pagès narrates most minutely the various episodes of the insurrection; but his volume does not go further than the events of February 22nd.

Another bundle of *feuilletons*! English readers who have never glanced at a volume like M. Deschanel's *Causeries de Quinzaine*,‡ are unable to understand what permanent interest there can be in a collection of small papers containing, or professing to contain, reviews of nine-days wonders in the shape of tragedies, novels, and pictures. But it is the perfection to which these *feuilletonistes* carry the art of gossiping that imparts to their *complex-rendus* a lasting zest. Look at M. Jules Janin, the model-man of the genus. He has a dull play to review, a stupid book to discourse about, an absurd piece of canvas to describe. Of course he is not going to tell you downright that the book is stupid, the picture absurd, the play dull. No. He introduces a quotation from Horace, relates some anecdote which he has happened to pick up, moralizes on the frailty of sublunary felicitas, and in short, makes you forget the insignificance of his theme by the help of the brilliant variations which he composes upon it. Thus it is with M. Deschanel. College Life—the Boundaries of Paris—the Horticultural Show—Lent—Chiro-mancy—Angling and Shooting. Is it possible, it may be asked, to write anything amusing on these worn-out subjects? Yes, witness the *Causeries de Quinzaine*.

Madame Louise Vallory calls the book before us *un essai*.§ If such are her beginnings, goodness knows where she will end; but certainly not in a convent, unless it is by way of amends for her literary misdeeds. Some contemporary critic has lately remarked that when French novels are not disgustingly improper they are abominably dull. Madame Louise Vallory, however, has found the happy medium of being both improper and dull—dull enough to obtain an academic prize, improper enough to excite the jealousy of M. Ernest Feydeau. *Un Amour Vrai* is dedicated in most grandiloquent language to Félicien David the musician. We wonder if M. Félicien David read the book before allowing his name to appear in connexion with it. Let us hope not. What should we think of the tastes and habits of a man who authorized some enterprising publisher to dedicate to him a new edition of the *Annals of the Ring* or of the *Coal-hole Songster*?

Paris seen by gaslight has none of the mysterious, tragic, and romantic associations which it possessed in the days (or rather nights) when murky *reverberères* were swung—few and far between—from one side of the street to the other. Nevertheless, if we can believe M. Julien Lemer,|| it is a curious study for the philosopher and the moralist. In the first place, there is the ever-exciting

* *Varia: Morale, Politique, Littérature.* Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.

† *Histoire de la Révolution de 1848.* Par Garnier Pagès. Vol. iv. *Chûte de la Royauté.* Paris: Pagnerre. London: Jeffs.

‡ *Causeries de Quinzaine.* Par Emile Deschanel. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.

§ *Un Amour Vrai.* Par Madame Louise Vallory. Paris: Dentu. London: Jeffs.

|| *Paris au Gaz.* Par Julien Lemer. Paris: Dentu. London: Jeffs.

dinner-problem to be solved, and whether the public thoroughfares are lit up with hydrogen, oil, paraffin, camphine or farthing rushlights, still the claims of the stomach remain as urgent, as irresistible. Hence a variety of tricks which needy individuals have recourse to for the purpose of securing a meal, and which have supplied M. Lemer with many an amusing and well-told anecdote. We are next invited by our author to follow the erratic life of a company of noctambulists—men who turn night into day, and *vice versa*, sleeping till half-past four in the afternoon, and then starting for peregrinations which they prolong all night, not out of malice prepense, nor with the design of murdering or house-breaking, but merely for the pleasure of walking about in the company of cats, police-patrols, and *chiffonniers*. The reader must not suppose that noctambulism is an invention of M. Julien Lemer. Besides the eccentric Doctor Gourdy, whom he mentions more particularly in his volume, we have known more than one noctambulist; and the most celebrated of these was none else than the poet Gérard de Nerval, the author of so many delightful tales, the *collaborateur* of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who at last was found, one morning, hanging from a lamp-post at a street-corner.

M. Oscar Commettant is certainly original enough to become a noctambulist. Nobody had ever heard before of an author asking a friend to write a preface for him on the express condition that this preface should run down the book which it was destined to introduce. "Dites de ce livre tout le mal que vous en pensez alors; mais du bien, pas un mot!" It is M. Oscar Commettant who has invented this new way of puffing a work, and he must be very angry with M. Louis Jourdan, to whom he had entrusted the duty of dissuading the public from purchasing the *Scènes de la Vie Américaine*.^{*} This gentleman declares, and we are somewhat of his opinion, that the book is interesting, well written, full of useful information, and that it may be profitably read, especially with reference to the present conflict which seems to threaten the very existence of the United States. The *Scènes de la Vie Américaine* consist of a series of detached chapters or stories, containing each, we presume, a certain amount of fiction; but the fiction is skilfully blended with the truth, and renders the whole exceedingly attractive. Both M. Jourdan and M. Commettant are decidedly opposed to slavery. They believe that by adopting this institution as one of the elements in their political structure, the first legislators of the United States prepared unconsciously the calamities from which their descendants are now suffering, and they blame particularly the Roman Catholic Church for conniving at the adoption of a system which is directly opposed to the fundamental principles of Christianity.

It is natural that works on America, American statesmen, and American ideas should now be very plentiful. M. Cornélie de Witt had not, however, aimed at producing an *ouvrage de circonstance* when he wrote his monography of Thomas Jefferson;† for the principal portions of this interesting volume were published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* at various intervals between the years 1857–1860, that is to say, some considerable time before the actual beginning of the struggle. The position of M. Cornélie de Witt and the character of his undertaking have given him access to most valuable sources of information. Besides the printed documents which contribute to elucidate the life, labours, and political career of Jefferson, he has been able to consult freely the diplomatic correspondence of the Duke de Choiseul, the Count de Vergennes, and other French statesmen, whose despatches are preserved at the Paris Foreign Office. In spite of the clearness and beauty of the narrative and of the admirable manner in which the elements of the story are worked out, we suspect that most readers will turn immediately to the last pages of the book, to M. de Witt's conclusion. The learned author protests against the imputation of having written for the purpose of crying down democratic institutions. He evidently has no liking for them; but he accepts them as a matter of necessity, and is for making the best of them. Where are we to seek for a principle which shall effectually balance and keep in check the exaggerations of democracy? Is it in the *prestige* of absolutism? No; for naturally an absolute ruler shares the evil instincts of democrats, and his policy is to flatter them in order that they may forget the yoke to which they are compelled to submit. The division of authority between the various governing elements of the community, the unceasing and effectual control of these elements by each other—such, says M. Cornélie de Witt, is in a democratic nation the only guarantee of stability for the State and of security for the citizens.

Exception may be taken, on more than one ground, to the title of M. Louis Jourdan's new book;‡ for it has been finally discovered, acknowledged, and duly certified, that M. le Chevalier d'Eon was indeed a *chevalier* and not a *chevalière*. But what an extraordinary career! For the generality of readers, d'Eon was simply an excellent fencer and a Lovelace of the most dangerous kind. Few persons are aware that, in addition to such questionable talents, he possessed likewise all the erudition of a *savant*, the

courage of a soldier and the skill of a diplomatist. It was d'Eon who first revealed to France the ambitious plans of the Russian court. During his sojourn in London, he acted both as the secret correspondent of the French King and as the acknowledged agent of the Cabinet. Knowing the minutest details of English policy on the one hand, and, on the other, thoroughly acquainted with the intrigues of Versailles—being on terms of friendship with the Ministers of George III., and on terms of intimacy with Queen Charlotte—d'Eon employed in the service of his own country all the resources of his fertile wit, and devoted himself entirely to this mission, without aiming at any other reward besides the consciousness of having done his duty. His letters and memoirs preserved at the State Paper Office in Paris embrace subjects of every description. Administration, foreign politics, Ministerial combinations, the relations of England with Europe, her colonial policy, the every-day gossip which points out the directions of public opinion—all these topics, discussed by d'Eon in a bold, original, characteristic style, prove how familiar he was with the art of government, and with the situation of Europe during the eighteenth century. Any other monarch but Louis XV. would have made him a Prime Minister; but the careless and insouciant slave of Madame Dubarry was satisfied with employing in a doubtful and unrecognised manner a man of whom it is no exaggeration to say, that he was one of the cleverest politicians of the day. Notwithstanding the unfortunate title selected by M. Louis Jourdan for his volume, the reader must not suppose that his attention is claimed on behalf of a *recueil* of scandalous anecdotes. The reign of Louis XV. himself, nay, the eighteenth century in France, was one continued scandal, and therefore the Chevalier d'Eon had his due share in it. Yet this is only the least important part of the subject, and it was the misfortune of that extraordinary man that in spite of the distinguished services which he rendered to his country, he was obliged, on account of political considerations, to live and die in a kind of undefined, suspicious position, which assimilated him to those unscrupulous characters which kings employ as their tools and are ashamed to own as their representatives.

We are glad to find that M. Paul Janet's lectures* have already reached a fourth edition. The author of this little book is Professor of Philosophy at Strasburg; and after having discoursed, with much success, on the *me* and the *non-me*, on objectivity and subjectivity, he very wisely thinks that it is not below the dignity of a metaphysician to discuss such every-day questions as the constitution of the family, the duties of the various members which compose it, and its true conditions of happiness. M. Paul Janet's preface is a spirited declaration of war both against that unbridled enthusiasm which seeks to satisfy itself out of the beaten track of duty, and that low selfishness which disdains feeling, laughs at poetry, ignores love, and attends to the exigencies only of material interests. M. Janet believes that the great evil of the popular literature of the day does not consist in its appealing to our imagination, but in making these appeals from a wrong stand-point. Imagination should not wander here and there at random, lavishing its brightest hues upon what is unlawful or impossible, rendering our habitual duties distasteful and burdensome, upsetting our reason and paralysing our will. It should throw its charms around real life, and show that the commonest tasks, the most ordinary obligations, have their own poetry.

M. Ulric de Fonvielle, like M. Oscar Commettant, is one of those men who do not wish to blow their own trumpet, and to say how impartial, how upright, how careful they are—what poetry they have thrown into their descriptions, what accuracy they have displayed in their appreciation of character. M. de Fonvielle's Jourdan is a certain M. Clément Duvernois, who gives in his preface his view of the position and prospects of the Revolutionary party in Europe. As for the book itself, it is an amusing, well-written journal of an enterprising Garibaldian, and we recommend it to our readers quite independently of all the considerations stated in the preface.

We believe M. le Comte d'Estournel when he tells us that he is sixty years old; but if such is the case, we must pay him the compliment to say that very few young men of twenty could write so amusing, so pleasant a book as the *Souvenirs de France et d'Italie*.‡ Count d'Estournel, it appears, was Prefect of the Département de la Manche when the Revolution of 1830 broke out, and the first pages of his volume contain a graphic description of the journey of the Bourbon royal family from Paris to the sea-port town where they had to embark for their land of exile. Our author does not conceal his attachment for the unfortunate Charles X., but, at the same time, he was thoroughly convinced of the deplorable results which the *ordonnances* of July, 1830, were to accomplish, and he never hesitated to express his opinions to the ill-advised King. M. d'Estournel gives, in this part of his volume, some remarkable sketches of the various persons composing the Royal family; and his estimate of the Duchess d'Angoulême agrees with what other historians have told us about her unpleasant manners, even towards those who were most attached to her. "La Dauphine," says he, "*n'oublie pas, mais elle*

* *Le Nouveau Monde: Scènes de la Vie Américaine*. Par Oscar Commettant. Précédé d'une Préface par M. Louis Jourdan (du *Sidol*). Paris: Pagnerre. London: Jeffs.

† *Thomas Jefferson: Etude Historique sur la Démocratie Américaine*. Par Cornélie de Witt. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs.

‡ *Un Hermaphrodite*. Par Louis Jourdan. Paris: Dentu. London: Jeffs.

* *La Famille: Leçons de Philosophie Morale*. Par M. Paul Janet. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.

† *Souvenirs d'une Chemise Rouge*. Par Ulric de Fonvielle, avec une Préface de Clément Duvernois. Paris: Dentu. London: Jeffs.

‡ *Souvenirs de France et d'Italie, dans les Années 1830, 1831, et 1832*. Par le Comte Joseph d'Estournel. Paris: Dentu. London: Jeffs.

pardonne." The beauty of her character, her energy, and her piety, gave her over her attendants greater influence than to any one else, and a simple look of encouragement and approbation from *Madame la Dauphine* was more highly valued by true-hearted men than even the substantial rewards which the King had at his disposal. Count d'Estournel's narrative, written in a fragmentary style, and being merely the reprint of his journal, is almost entirely taken up by reminiscences of Italy and Italian life. Anecdotes of various political and literary personages are plentifully added, some of which are of the drollest description. Our witty *cicerone* has preserved all the traditions of the old school of memoir-writers, and applied them in the most successful manner to the incidents of modern tourism. Here we have a curious specimen of the absence of mind to which even Napoleon himself was subject. A little farther on we are treated to some additional stanzas, contributed by a princess to the famous song in which "good King Dagobert" is accused of putting his "continuations" inside out. It is some comfort in these days to meet with such a thorough specimen of the *esprit Gaulois* as we find in Count d'Estournel's *Souvenir*, and we cordially hope that he has not yet come to the end of his manuscript.

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